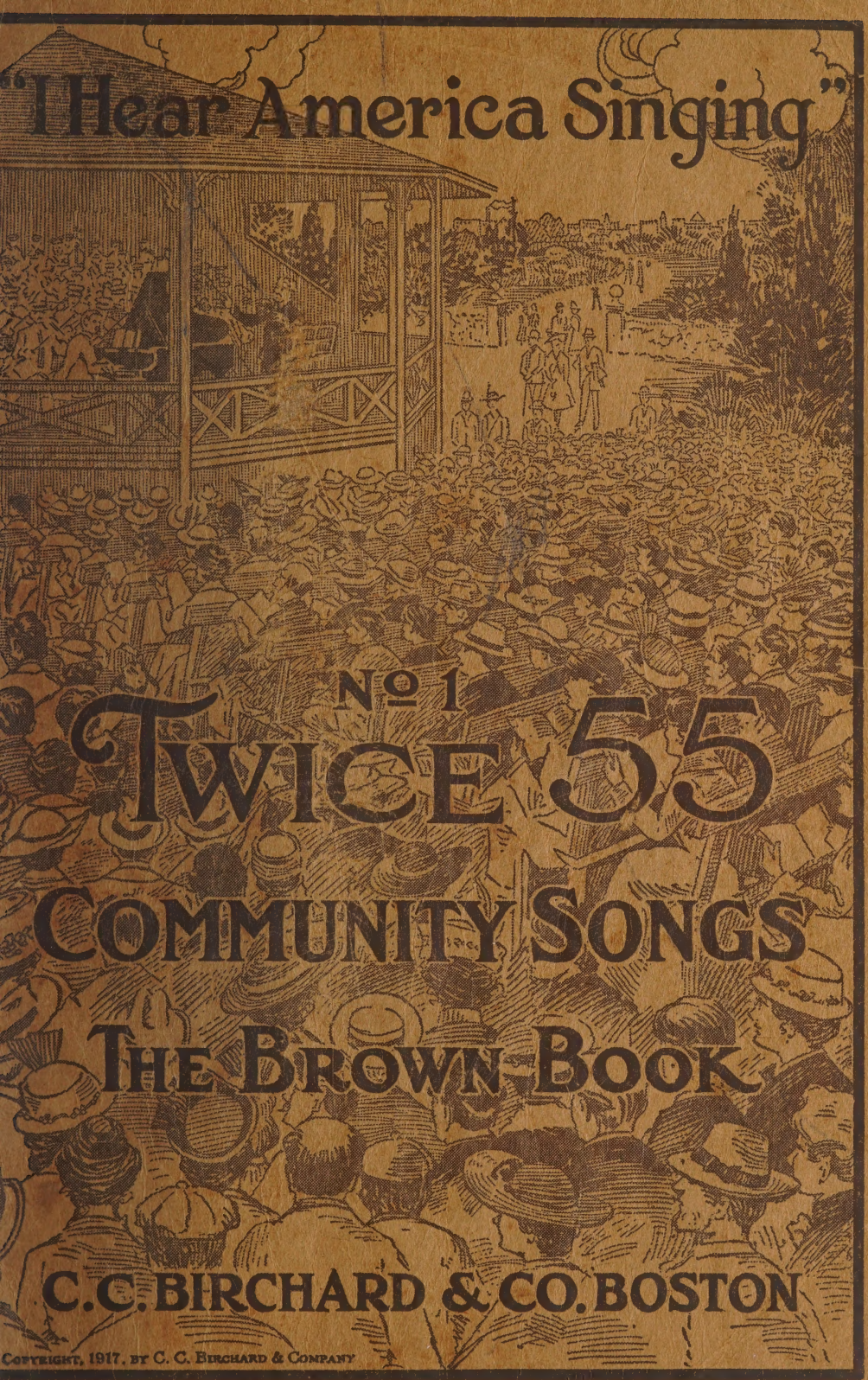
"I Hear America Singing"



No 1

TWICE 55 COMMUNITY SONGS

THE BROWN BOOK

C. C. BIRCHARD & CO. BOSTON

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY C. C. BIRCHARD & COMPANY

PREFACE

This collection of songs represents a movement toward truer brotherhood and spiritual awakening through mass singing — an effort to liberate the spirit of the people through self-expression in song, and add to growth in unity of thought and feeling, which is the foundation of individual and national strength.

Since 1913, when the Music Supervisors' National Conference issued its first pamphlet of community songs, there has been such remarkable development in popular singing that several revisions and expansions of the initial publication have been necessary. We believe that the experience of six years has made it possible now to present a more permanent collection than has been practicable under the changing conditions of previous years.

The book has been enlarged to comprise twice as many songs as were contained in the original 55 COMMUNITY SONGS. It includes much characteristic folk music of various peoples, patriotic songs, songs of sentiment and home, humorous and college songs, hymns and negro spirituals, and several standard choruses. More than one-third of the songs are distinctively American, and among other nations represented are Great Britain, including the best examples of Scotch, Irish, and Welsh songs; France, Italy and Russia. In the space devoted to songs in text only will be found some of the later and better popular songs together with many old favorites. The music for the latter will be found in the complete edition for the use of the accompanist, where also will be found the full score for all choruses. Complete copies of the newer popular songs may be purchased direct from the individual publishers.

The editors have scrutinized the arrangements of all the material herein with the greatest care because they recognize that this collection will be accepted as the standard publication for community singing. Those who use it may feel sure that the versions of the songs as printed represent the best judgment of the editors and publishers, based upon careful research and consideration.

In making this revision, upwards of eighty persons representing all sections of the country and actively concerned in the promotion of music as an educational and social force in American life, have had a voice in the selection of the material here included. The final decision, both as to selection and arrangements, has rested with the committee named below, who have been influenced by the consideration of effects possible with large groups of people whose singing is guided mainly by natural musical feeling. They have also made due allowance for the larger aspect of community singing that is now rapidly developing — the aspiration to create and encourage a constantly advancing standard of choral achievement and musical appreciation, to the end that the desire for self-expression in the higher forms of musical art may be satisfied, and that the resultant culture and life-benefit may be realized.

The period of experiment in community singing is over; it is permanently established. Now follows Development. This collection of songs is dedicated to the advancement of such development.

PETER W. DYKEMA, Chairman,
Teachers' College, Columbia University,
New York City.

OSBOURNE McCONATHY,
Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.

WILL EARHART,
Public Schools, Pittsburgh, Pa.

HOLLIS DANN,
New York University, New York City.

TWICE 55*
COMMUNITY SONGS

CONTENTS

	No.
America	1
America the Beautiful	5
All Through the Night	24
Aloha Oe	32
Annie Laurie	30
Anvil Chorus	12
Are You Sleeping (Round)	10
Auld Lang Syne	37
Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party (Text)	103
Battle Cry of Freedom	8
Battle Hymn of Republic (Text)	94
Bear Went Over, The	61
Believe Me, etc.	28
Beautiful Ohio (Text)	96
Bell Doth Toll, The (Round)	19
Blow the Man Down (Chanty)	52
Bonnie Eloise	31
Bull Dog On the Bank	53
Cantique de Noël	89
Carry Me Back (Text)	111
Climate, The	50
Columbia Gem of the Ocean	4
Come Thou, Almighty King	74
Comin' Thro' the Rye	36
Darling Nellie Gray (Text)	95
Deck the Hall	78
Dixie	62
Drink To Me Only, etc.	35
Early To Bed (Round)	26
First Nowell, The	75
Flow Gently, Sweet Afton	27
For He's A Jolly Good Fellow	61
Gaily the Troubadour	43
Good Bye, My Lover	56
Good Night, Ladies	38
Hark! the Herald Angels	67
Hear Dem Bells (Text)	114
Heavens Resound, The	84
How Can I Leave Thee	106
Howdy (Text)	109
Ho! Every Sleeper Waken (Round)	85
Home, Sweet Home	23
How Firm a Foundation	65
I Need Thee Every Hour	72
Indiana (Text)	115
In the Gloaming (Text)	110
Jingle Bells (Text)	108
Juanita	34
Keep the Home Fires Burning (Text)	118
Largo	90
Lead Kindly Light	71
Levee Song	54
Little Brown Church, The	39
Loch Lomond (Text)	120
Long, Long Ago (Text)	101
Lorraine March	86
Lost Chord, The	83
Lovely Evening (Round)	21
Love's Old Sweet Song	29
March On!	13
Marche Lorraine	86
Marseillaise, The	11
Massa's in the Cold Ground	18
Massa Dear	41
Merrily, Merrily (Round)	63
Merry Life, A	64
Missouri Waltz (Text)	116
Mosquito's Serenade	55
My Bonnie (Text)	104
My Old Kentucky Home	22
My Sunshine	87
Nancy Lee	44
Nearer My God To Thee	70
Nellie Was A Lady	17
O Come All Ye Faithful	65
Old Black Joe	20
Old Folks at Home	16
Old Oaken Bucket (Text)	107
Old Zip Coon	58
O Mary Don't You Weep	47
On O Thou Soul!	92
Onward, Christian Soldiers	68
Our Boys Will Shine	57
Out On the Deep	45
Pack Up Your Troubles (Text)	105
Palm Branches	88
Pilgrims' Chorus	91
Perfect Day (Text)	119
Reuben and Rachel	51
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep	40
Row Your Boat (Round)	6
Sailing (Text)	112
Santa Lucia	46
Scotland's Burning (Round)	15
Send Out Thy Light	81
Silent Night	77
Smiles (Text)	99
Silent Now the Drowsy Bird	93
Soldiers' Chorus	80
Stars of the Summer Night	33
Star Spangled Banner, The	3
Steal Away	49
Sun Worshippers, The	82
Sweet Adeline (Text)	117
Sweet and Low	25
Sweet Genevieve (Text)	98
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot	48
Taps	2
Tavern in the Town (Text)	97
Tenting Tonight	42
There's A Long, Long Trail (Text)	102
Three Blind Mice (Round)	69
Today Is Monday	59
Till We Meet Again (Text)	113
Tomorrow	76
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp	7
U.S.A. Forever	62
Vesper Hymn	66
Welcome, Sweet Springtime	79
When Johnny Comes Marching	9
When Wilt Thou Save the People	73
When You and I Were Young	14
Yankee Doodle-oodle	60
Yankee Doodle (Text)	100

*COMPLETE EDITION—Piano Accompaniments 50 cents

Several nations have used this splendid dignified tune, either as a national anthem, or as a composition of the utmost importance. Parts of the melody have been traced back as far as Dr. John Bull (1563-1628), but the composer of the melody in its final form is still unknown, though many continue to credit it to Henry Carey, an Englishman (1690-1743). The words were written in 1832, by Rev. S. F. Smith, an American clergyman. The song was first sung publicly at a children's celebration of American Independence in the Park Street Church, Boston, July 4, of that year.

1. America

(My Country, 'Tis of Thee)

S. F. Smith — *Henry Carey (?)*

mf Andante con moto — *f*

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing. Land where my
2. My na- tive coun -try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love. I love thy
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet free-dom's song. Let mor - tal
4. Our fa-thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing. Long may our

ff

fa - thers died! Land of the Pil-grim's pride! From ev - 'ry moun-tain side, Let free- dom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills; My heart with rap- ture thrills Like that a - bove.
tongues a-wake; Let all that breathe par-take; Let rocks their si - lence break, — The sound pro-long.
land be bright With free-dom's ho- ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

This most beautiful of the Army Bugle calls is sounded by the bugler as it appears in the upper notes, the harmony having been added here to vary the effect when it is sung.

2. Taps

Words from Penn. Military College — *U. S. Army Bugle Call*

Slow

1. Fad - ing light dims the sight, And a star gems the sky, gleam- ing
2. Dear one, rest! In the west Sa - ble night lulls the day on her
3. Love, sweet dreams! Lo, the beams Of the light fair - y moon kiss the

bright, From a - far draw - ing nigh, Falls the night.
breast; Sweet, good - night! Now a - way, To thy rest.
streams; Love, good - night! Ah, too soon! Peace - ful dreams!

Copyright, 1919, by C. C. Birchard & Company.

These words were written in 1814, while the author was detained on a British ship which was bombarding Fort McHenry. When morning came he saw that "our flag was still there" and it was then he wrote the lines of our national song.

3. The Star-Spangled Banner

Service Version

Prepared for the Army and Navy song and band books, and for School and Community singing, by a Committee of 12.*

Francis Scott Key ***John Stafford Smith***

With spirit. (♩ = 104)

f

O . . say! can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we hail'd at the
On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
O . . thus be it ev-er when free-men shall stand Be - tween their loved homes and the

f

twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the
si-lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it
war's des - o - la - tion! Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the

mf

ram-parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly stream-ing? And the rock-et's red glare, the bombs
fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na - tion! Then con - quer we must, when our

mf

CHORUS. *f* (♩ = 96)

burst - ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. O . . say, does that
morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re-flect-ed now shines on the stream; 'Tis the Star-span-gled
cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the Star-span-gled

f

broaden *ff*

Star-span-gled Ban-ner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
Ban-ner, O long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
Ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

ff

* The constituency of the Committee and a record of its deliberations may be obtained through the publishers of this book.

This song is of uncertain origin. In England it has been sung to the words "Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean," and the English claim that it originated in their country. In America the authorship has been claimed by both David T. Shaw and Thomas A Becket.

4. Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean

Unison

1. O Co-lum-bia, the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free,
2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form,
3. The star-span-gled ban-ner bring hith-er, O'er Co-lum-bia's true sons let it wave;

The shrine of each pa-triot's de-vo-tion, A . . world of-fers hom-age to thee.
The ark then of free-dom's founda-tion, Co - lum-bia rode safe thro' the storm:
May the wreaths they have won never with-er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave:

Thy man-dates make he-roes as-sem-ble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
With her gar-lands of vic-t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew;
May the ser-vice, u-nit-ed, ne'er sev-er, But hold to their col-ors so true;

Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue!
With her flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue!
The ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

CHORUS.

When borne by the red, white, and blue! When borne by the red, white, and blue!
The boast of the red, white, and blue! The boast of the red, white, and blue!
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue! Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white, and blue!
With her flag proud-ly float-ing be-fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue!
The ar-my and na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

This is a worthy addition to our patriotic songs. The author is professor of English in Wellesley College. The music, which is the well-known hymn-tune "Materna," was composed by an American, who died in 1903. This hymn to America should be sung with fervor and devotion, the refrain, "America, America," being especially marked.

5. America, the Beautiful

Katharine Lee Bates — *Samuel A. Ward*

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain, . . For pur - ple mountain
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet Whose stern impassioned stress . . A thor- ough-fare for
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife, . . Who more than self their
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years . . Thine al - a - bas - ter

f

maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain. . A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God
free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness. . A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God
coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life. . . A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May
cit - ies gleam Undimmed by hu - man tears. . A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God

shed His grace on thee, . And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea.
mend thine ev - 'ry flaw, . Con-firm thy soul in self - con-trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law.
God thy gold re - fine . Till all suc- cess be no - ble-ness And ev - 'ry gain di - vine.
shed His grace on thee, . And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea.

Sing with marked rhythm, especially in the first and third parts. Close at a signal when all parts are singing, thus producing the full chord.

6. Round: Row, Row, Row Your Boat

1 2

1. Row, row, row your boat Gen - tly down the stream;
2. Hoe, hoe, hoe your row, Thro' the sum - mer heat;
3. Save, save, save the wheat, Meat and su - gar, too;

3 4

Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Life is but a dream.
Mer - ri - ly do your bit, Cheer - i - ly stick to it, Rais - ing beans and wheat.
Corn and po - ta - toes and rice and to - ma - toes are might - y good for you!

WILSON

This tune, popular in the Civil war, has survived with a few contemporaneous songs, but the original words are no longer vital except the thrilling repetition that begins the chorus. In writing new words for present use, it has been the aim to retain the outstanding features of the chorus, and to relate them and the body of the text to the momentous war conditions that lately prevailed.

7. Tramp, Tramp, Tramp!

David Stevens — *George F. Root*

1. On the bat - tle front we stand, 'neath the flag that made us free, Ev - er
2. They are com - ing from the West, you can hear the might - y roar, As they
3. There's a God in glo - ry still and His Word is on the sky, Blaz - ing

read - y at the word to do and dare; Tho' we're twice a mil-lion strong, still they're
tramp the earth and sing a bat - tle song; There are mil - lions in the fight, and as
let - ters for the das-tard foe to read: Ye are trai - tors to the truth and as

com - ing from the sea, We can hear the tread like thun - der on the air.
man - y mil - lions more On - ly wait the Na - tion's call to come a - long.
trai - tors ye shall die, Tho' a world be made to suf - fer and to bleed!

CHORUS

Tramp, tramp, tramp! the boys are march - ing! Cheer, brave com-rades, they will come; Ev - 'ry

Tramp, tramp, tramp! the boys are marching, marching! come, will come;

heart is in the fight For the cause of Truth and Right And the freedom of our own belov-ed land!

Another survival of the Civil war. The words of the chorus have been slightly altered; but it stands today as it has stood, practically unchanged, for more than half a century, a militant Song of Freedom.

8. Battle Cry of Freedom

Words and Music by G. F. Root

1. Yes, we'll ral - ly round the flag, boys, we'll ral - ly once a - gain,
2. We are spring - ing to the call of our broth - ers gone be - fore,

Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom; We will ral - ly from the hill - side, we'll
Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom; And we'll fill the va - cant ranks with a

gath - er from the plain, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom!
mil - lion free - men more, Shout - ing the bat - tle - cry of Free - dom!

It's Free-dom for - ev - er, Hur - rah, boys, Hur-rah! Down with the shackle and up with the star!

While we ral-ly round the flag, boys, we'll ral-ly once a-gain, Shout-ing the bat - tle-cry of Free-dom!

This song has an inspiring theme, rhythm and melody that make it unique in the group of great War Songs.

9. When Johnny Comes Marching Home

Gaily — *Words and Music by Louis Lambert*

1. When John-ny comes march-ing home a-gain, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! We'll give him a heart - y
2. The old church bell will peal with joy, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! To wel - come home our
3. Get read - y for the ju - bi - lee, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! We'll give the he - roes

wel - come then, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! The men will cheer, the boys will shout, The
dar - ling boy, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! The vil - lage lads and las - sies gay With
three times three, Hur - rah! Hur - ran! The lau - rel wreath is read - y now To

la - dies they will all turn out, And we'll all feel gay When Johnny comes marching home!
ros - es they will strew the way, And we'll all feel gay When Johnny comes marching home!
place up-on his loy- al brow, And we'll all feel gay When Johnny comes marching home!

10. Round: Are You Sleeping?

Moderato

1. Are you sleep - ing, are you sleep - ing? Broth - er John, Broth - er John,
2. Are you sav - ing, are you sav - ing? Right a - long, right a - long,

Morn-ing bells are ring - ing, Morn-ing bells are ring - ing: Ding, ding, dong, ding, ding, dong.
Sav-ings Stamps will help you Ring the bells for Free-dom Ding, ding, dong, ding, ding, dong.

This hymn, probably the most inspiring patriotic song the world has ever known, was written by a young French officer in April, 1792, for the soldiers of Luckner's army, who sang it as they marched on the Tuileries, Aug. 10, 1792. From that day its place in the hearts of the French people has never been disputed.

11. The Marseillaise

(Arranged from the Official French Version prescribed for the French Army)

Allegro maestoso — *Rouget de Lisle*

1. Ye sons of France, a - wake to glo - ry! Hark! hark! what my-riads bid you rise! Your chil - dren, wives and grand - sires hoar - y, . Be - hold their tears and hear their cries! Be-hold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful ty-rants, mis - chief breed-ing, With hireling host, a ruf - fian band, Af-fright and des - o-late the land, While peace and lib - er - ty lie bleed-ing? To arms! To arms, ye brave! Th' a- veng-ing sword unsheathe; March on! March on! All hearts resolv'd On vic - to - ry or death!
2. Now, now the dangerous storm is roll - ing, Which treach'rous Kings con-fed-'rate, raise; The blaze; And lo! our fields and cit - ies blaze; And shall we base - ly view the ru - in, While law-less force with guilt - y stride Spreads des - o - la-tion far and wide, With crime and blood his hands em-bru-ing? To arms! To arms, ye brave! Th' a- wail-ing That falsehood's dag-ger ty - rants wield, But free-dom is our sword and shield, And all their arts are un - a - vail-ing. To arms, ye brave! Th' a-
3. O Lib - er - ty! can man re - sign thee, Once hav - ing felt thy gen-'rous flame? Can tame? Or whips thy no - ble spir - it tame? Too long the world has wept be -

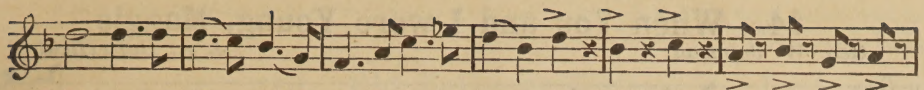
Al-lons, en - fants de la pa - tri - e! Le jour de gloire est ar - ri - vé. — Con - tre nous de la ty - ran - ni - e . — L'é - ten - dard san - glant est le - vé, — L'é - ten - dard san-glant est le - vé! En - ten-dez - vous dans les cam - pa-gnes Mu - gir ces fé - ro - ces sol - dats? Ils vien-nent jus-que dans nos bras E - gor - ger nos fils, nos com - pa-gnes: Aux ar - mes, Ci - toy - ens! For - mez vos ba-tail - lons! Marchons! Marchons! Qu'un sang im-pur' A - breu - ve nos sil - lons!

This music occurs in the second act of Verdi's "Il Trovatore" (The Troubadour). The scene shows a gypsy camp in the Biscay mountains at early morning. The text (God of All Nations) was first used by Patrick S. Gilmore at the Peace Jubilee in Boston in 1872.

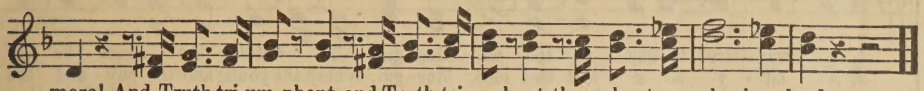
12. Anvil Chorus

(From "Il Trovatore") — *Giuseppe Verdi*

God of the na-tions, in glo-ry en-thron-ed, Up-on our loved Country Thy blessings pour; Guide us in wis-dom, let Truth live tri-umph-ant And Freedom a-bide with us ev-er- (*Omit.*) more! Proud - ly our ban - ner now gleams with gold - en lus - ter!



Bright-er each star shines in the glo-rious clus - ter! Hail! Hail! Free-dom ev - er-



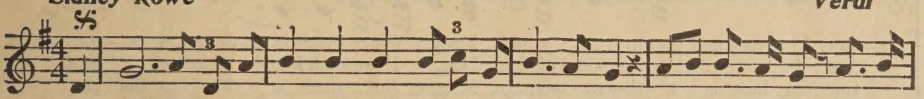
more! And Truth tri-um-phant, and Truth triumphant throughout our glo-rious land.

This powerful music was written to express the idea of Victory in War. The special accompaniment, (in the Complete Edition,) is essential to the proper effect of this chorus.

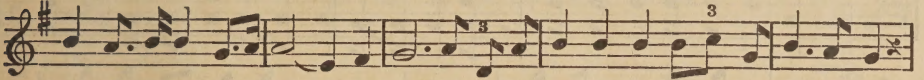
13. March On

(From "Aida")

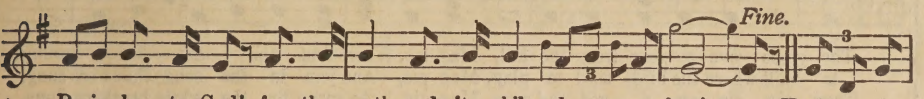
Sidney Rowe *Verdi*



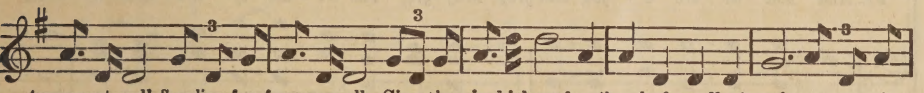
March on! Lib-er-ty's host, march on! bearing the Sword of Light! Thou hast prevailed o'er the



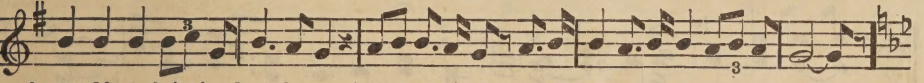
foe with his hordes of night. March on! conquering fear and hate, bring-ing Love's de-cree;



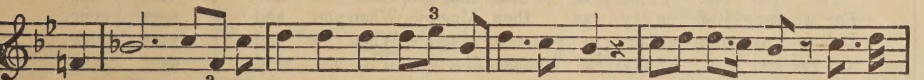
Praise be to God! for the earth and its chil - dren are free!.... Hark to the



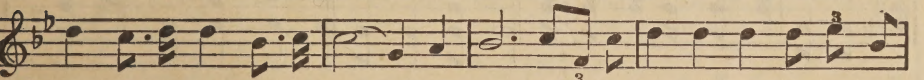
trump-et call Sounding for freemen all, Sing the ju-bi-lee of earth made free. March on! con-quer-ing



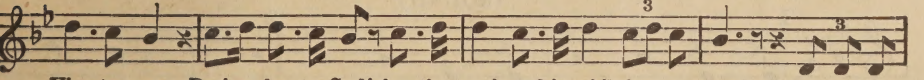
fear and hate, bringing Love's decree; Praise be to God! for the earth and its children are free!..



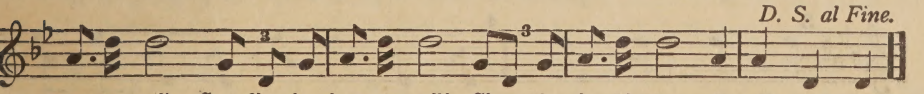
March on! thine a - veng-ing lance by the Right was blest: Thou hast fought for the



heights till ye stand on the crest;.. March on! where thy ban-ners lead, ban-ners of



Vic - to - ry; Praise be to God! for the earth and its chil-dren are free! Hark to the



trumpet call Sounding for free-men all! Sing the ju - bi - lee of earth made free!

14. When You and I were Young, Maggie

Geo. W. Johnson — *J. A. Butterfield*

1. I wan-dered to-day to the hill, Mag-gie, To watch the scene be-
2. A cit-y so si-lent and lone, Mag-gie, Where the young and the gay and the
3. They say I am fee-ble with age, Mag-gie, My steps are less spright-ly than

low, The creek and the old rust-y mill, Maggie, Where we sat in the long, long a-go.
best, In pol-ished white man-sions of stone, Maggie, Have each found a place of rest,
then; My face is a well-writ-ten page, Maggie, But time a-lone was the pen.

:S:

The green grove is gone from the hill, Mag-gie, Where first the dai-sies sprung;
Is built where the birds used to play, Mag-gie, And join in the songs that were sung,
They say we are a-ged and gray, Mag-gie, As spray by the white breakers flung,
D.S. *And now we are a-ged and gray, Mag-gie, The tri-als of life near-ly done,*

D.S.

The old rust-y mill is still, Mag-gie, Since you and I were young.
For we sang just as gay as they, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.
But to me you're as fair as you were, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Mag-gie, When you and I were young.

15. Scotland's Burning

(ROUND)

1 2

Scot-land's burn-ing, Scot-land's burn-ing, Look out, look out!

3 4

Fire! fire! fire! fire! Pour on wa-ter, Pour on wa-ter!

Both melody and words of this song, which is known and loved throughout the world, were written by Stephen C. Foster (1826-1864), an American of Irish descent. His songs have gained for him the title of the great American folk-song writer. Foster's words always came to him accompanied by melodies, so that when he had finished his verses the music also was completed.

16. Old Folks at Home

Andante espressivo — *Stephen C. Foster*

1. 'Way down up - on de Swa - nee Rib - ber, Far, far a - way,
All up an' down de whole cre - a - tion Sad - ly I roam,
2. All roun' de lit - tle farm I wan-der'd When I was young,
When I was play - in' wid my brud - der, Hap - py was I;
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love,
When will I see de bees a - hum-min' All roun' de comb?

:S: FINE

Dere's wha' my heart is turn - ing eb - ber, Dere's wha' de old folks stay.
Still long - in' for de old plan - ta - tion, An' for de old folks at home.
Den man - y hap - py days I squan-der'd, Man - y de songs I sung.
Oh! take me to my kind old mud- der, Dere let me live and die.
Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.
When will I hear de ban - jo tum - min' Down in my good old home?

D.S. *Oh! dark - ies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from de old folks at home.* D.S.

CHORUS

All de world am sad and drear - y Eb - 'ry - where I roam;

The influence of the slave songs is discernible in most of Foster's songs and accounts for the sadness of many of them.

17. Nellie was a Lady

Moderato — *Stephen C. Foster*

1. Down on the Mis - sis - sip - pi float - ing, Long time I trav - el on the way;
2. Now I'm un - hap- py and I'm weep - ing, Can't tote the cot - ton-wood no more;
3. Down in the mead-ow 'mong the clo - ver, Walk with my Nel - lie by my side;

All night the cot - ton-wood a - tot - ing, Sing for my true love all the day.
Last night while Nel - lie was a - sleep - ing, Death came a- knock-ing at the door.
Now all those hap - py days are o - ver, Fare - well, my dark Vir - gin - ny bride.

Nel-lie was a la-dy, Last night she died; Toll the bell for lovely Nell, My dark Virginny bride.

This is one of the most graceful of the Stephen C. Foster melodies. It has the same simple harmonic structure which is characteristic of all his compositions. The words voice the love of the servants for the kind master.

18. Massa's in the Cold Ground

Stephen C. Foster

1. Round de mea-dows am a - ring - ing De dark - ey's mourn - ful song, — While de mock-ing bird am sing - ing, Hap - py as de day am . long.
2. Where de i - vy am a - creep - ing, — O'er de grass - y mound, — Dere old Mas - sa am a - sleep - ing, Sleep-ing in de cold, cold . (*Omit*) ground. Down in de
3. When de autumn leaves were fall - ing, — When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to hear old Mas - sa call - ing, Cayse he was so weak and . old.
Now de or-ange trees are bloom - ing, — On de sand - y shore, — Now de sum-mer days am com - ing, Mas - sa neb - ber calls no . (*Omit*) more. Down in de
Mas - sa make de dark - ies love him, — Cayse he was so kind, — Now they sad - ly weep a- bove him, Mourning cayse he leave dem be - hind. I
can - not work be - fore to - mor - row, — Cayse de tear - drops flow; I try to drive a-way my sor - row, Pick - ing on de old ban - (*Omit*) - jo. Down in de corn-field, Hear dat mournful sound; All de darkies am a-weep-ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground!

19. The Bell Doth Toll

Slowly (ROUND)

mf 1

The bell doth toll, Its ech - oes roll, I know the sound full well;

2

I love its ring - ing, For it calls to sing - ing, With its

3

bim, bim, bim, bom, bell, Bim, bom, bim, bom, bell.

This song has always been a peculiar favorite with men and boys. Considerable freedom is allowed in the tempo of the chorus. The use of an echo choir in the singing of the chorus produces a very lovely effect.

20. Old Black Joe

Stephen C. Foster

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren so

friends from the cot - ton - fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a
sigh that my friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for forms now de-
dear that I held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my

bet - ter land I know, I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"
part-ed long a - go, I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"
soul has longed to go, I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

Fine.

mf CHORUS. *pp* *D. S. al Fine.*

I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my head is bend - ing low;

Close by having each part stop after it has been sung through three times.

21. Lovely Evening

(ROUND)

1. *Allegretto.* 2.

Oh, how love - ly is the eve - ning, is the eve - ning, When the bells are

3.

sweet - ly ring - ing, sweet - ly ring - ing! Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.

No author or composer of negro songs has touched the sympathetic chord of the home-love of the colored race so surely as Foster did in this song. It embodies some of the best characteristics of American negro music and is in truth fitted to rank with the best legendary folk-songs of any land.

22. My Old Kentucky Home

Foster

Rather slow

1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken - tuck - y home, 'Tis sum - mer,
young folks roll on the lit - tle cab - in floor, All mer - ry,
2. They hunt no more for the pos - sum and the coon, On the mead - ow,
day goes by like a shad - ow o'er the heart, With sor - row
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher - ev - er
few more days for to tote the wea - ry load, No mat - ter,

the dark - ies are gay; The corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the
all hap - py and bright; By'n by hard times comes a -knock-ing at the door, Then my
the hill and the shore; They sing no more by the glim - mer of the moon, On the
where all was de- light; The time has come when the dark - ies have to part, Then my
the dark - y may go; A few more days, and the trou - ble all will end, In the
'twill nev - er be light; A few more days till we tot - ter on the road, Then my

1 2

birds make mu - sic all the day; The old Ken-tuck - y home, good night!
bench by the old cab - in door; The old Ken-tuck - y home, good night!
field where the su - gar - canes grow; A old Ken-tuck - y home, good night!

CHORUS

Weep no more, my la - dy, O weep no more to - day! We will

rit.

sing one song for the old Kentuck-y home, For the old Kentuck-y home, far a - way.

John Howard Payne, an American who spent most of his life as a wanderer over Europe, with no settled home, became famous as the author of this best known and loveliest home-song the world has ever sung. He was at various times, an actor, translator of plays, and finally U. S. Consul at Tunis, where he died in 1852. The music was probably composed by Henry R. Bishop, although he himself designated it as a "Sicilian air."

23. Home, Sweet Home

John Howard Payne — *Henry R. Bishop*

1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal-a-ces though we may roam, A
Be it ev-er so hum-ble, there's no place like home. Which,
2. An ex-ile from home, splen-dor daz-zles in vain; The
Oh, give me my low-ly thatched cot-tage a-gain. Give me

D.S. *There's*

D.S. al fine

charm from the skies seems to hal-low us there,
seek thro' the world is not met with else-where. Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
birds sing-ing gai-ly that come at my call,
them with the peace of mind, dear-er than all. Home! home! sweet, sweet home!

no place like home, there's no place like home.

This is a representative type of early Folk-song. It is very ancient and originated in Wales where it was sometimes known as "Poor Mary Ann."

24. All Through the Night

Old Welsh — *David Owen*

Quietly. mp

1. Sleep, my child, and peace at-tend thee All through the night; Guard-ian an-gels
2. While the moon her watch is keep-ing All through the night; While the wea-ry

God will send thee, All through the night, Soft the drow-sy hours are creep-ing,
world is sleep-ing All through the night. O'er thy spir-it gen-tly steal-ing,

Hill and vale in slum-ber steep-ing, I my lov-ing vig-il keep-ing All through the night.
Vi-sions of de-light re-veal-ing, Breathes a pure and ho-ly feel-ing, All through the night.

In Tennyson's "Princess," whence these words are derived, are to be found numerous songs, most of them connected with childhood, which have found a permanent place in the hearts of the people. Sir Joseph Barnby, the composer (1838-1896), was an Englishman. Although the melody of this song is beautiful, it is essentially a part-song, and, for its full beauty, demands all of the four voices.

25. Sweet and Low

Alfred, Lord Tennyson — *Joseph Barnby*

Larghetto *pp*

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest on

sf *mf*

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; O - ver the roll - ing
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Fa - ther will come to his
(*Alto*) O - - ver the
Fa - - ther will

pp *f*

wa - ters go, come from the dy - ing moon, and blow, Blow him a - gain to
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
wa - ters go, (*A.B.*) Come from the moon, and blow,
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west,

dim. *p* *rall. a dim.*

me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. . . . . .
moon, Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . . . . .

The words are found in Benjamin Franklin's Poor Richard's Almanac.

26. Early to Bed

American

1 2 3

Ear-ly to bed and early to rise, Makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise, Wise, healthy, and wealthy.

One of the most beautiful of the poems of Robert Burns, often called "Afton Water." It is commemorative of his deep love for "Highland Mary." He wrote many poems adapted to well-known Scotch tunes, and in all his verses he was particularly happy in the expression of simple love and kindliness. The smooth, flowing character of the music well brings out the spirit of Burns' text.

27. Flow Gently, Sweet Afton

Robert Burns — *James E. Spilman*

1. Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green braes; Flow gen-tly, I'll sing thee a
2. How loft-y, sweet Af-ton, thy neigh-bor-ing hills, Far marked with the cours-es of
3. Thy crys-tal stream Af-ton, how love-ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my

song in thy praise; My Ma-ry's a-sleep by thy murmuring stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet
clear-wind-ing rills! There dai-ly I wan-der, as morn ris-es high, My flocks and my
Ma-ry re-sides! How wan-ton thy wa-ters her snow-y feet lave, As, gath'ring sweet

Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove whose ech-o re-sounds from the
Ma-ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas-ant thy banks and green val-leys be-
flow-'rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, a-mang thy green

rit. *a tempo*

hill, Ye wild whis-tling black-birds in yon thorn-y dell, Thou green-crest-ed
low, Where wild in the wood-lands the prim-ros-es blow! There oft, as mild
braes, Flow gen-tly, sweet riv-er, the theme of my lays: My Ma-ry's a-

lap-wing, thy screaming for-bear, I charge you, dis-turb not my slum-ber-ing fair.
eve-ning creeps o-ver the lea, The sweet-scent-ed birk shades my Ma-ry and me.
sleep by thy mur-mur-ing stream, Flow gen-tly, sweet Af-ton, dis-turb not her dream.

Thomas Moore (1779–1852), the Irish poet, made many contributions to modern song by taking old Irish folk-tunes which were not suitable for general use and writing new poems for them. This is one of the best of his songs. The melody is of exceptional charm and appeal and has long been a favorite, especially as the college song "Fair Harvard."

28. Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms

Thomas Moore — *Irish Air: "My Lodging is in the Cold Ground"*

Andantino

1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to - day, Were to change by to - mor - row, and fleet in my arms, Like fair - y gifts, fad - ing a - way, . Thou wouldst still be a - dored as this mo - ment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will; And a - round the dear ru - in, each wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still! .

2. It is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks un - pro - faned by a tear, That the fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more dear! No, the heart that has tru - ly loved nev - er for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close; As the sun - flow - er turns on her god, when he sets, The same look which she turned when he rose! .

Although this composition was originally intended as a personal love-song, it has through common use come to express rather the general feeling of kindliness and brotherhood which is the great element in a successful community song. The composer was an Irish barrister and musician; the author of the words, an English poet.

29. Love's Old Sweet Song

G. Clifton Bingham — *J. L. Molloy*

p *Quietly*

1. Once in the dear, dead days be-yond re-call, When on the world the mists be-gan to fall,
2. E - ven to-day we hear Love's song of yore, Deep in our hearts it dwells for-ev - er-more,

cres. *p*

Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng, Low to our hearts Love sang an old sweet song;
Foot-steps may fal-ter, wea-ry grow the way, Still we can hear it at the close of day;

p

ritard.

And in the dusk where fell the fire-light gleam, Soft-ly it wove it - self in - to our dream.
So till the end when life's dim shad-ows fall, Love will be found the sweet-est song of all.

Molto moderato

1

Just a song at twi - light, when the lights are low, And the flick-'ring shad - ows
Tho' the heart be wea - ry, sad the day and long, (*Omit.* . . . . . .

dim. 2 *f* *p*

soft - ly come and go; . Still to us at twi-light Comes Love's old song, Comes Love's old sweet song.

"Annie Laurie" was a real person, born in 1682, daughter of Sir Robert Laurie. The words were written by William Douglass as a tribute to Annie's beauty and an expression of his devotion to her. His original words, for the first two stanzas only, were in Scotch dialect, which have been rendered in the common version here printed. The music was written in 1847 by Lady John Scott who it is said, but not authoritatively, also wrote the words for the third stanza.

30. Annie Laurie

Douglass of Fingland — *Scotch Tune*

mp Andante

1. Max - well - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly . . fa's the dew, And it's
2. Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her throat is . . like the swan, Her
3. Like dew on the gow - an ly - ing Is the fa' o' her fair - y feet, And like

mf

there that An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true. Gave me her prom - ise true,
face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on. That e'er the sun shone on,
winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is soft and sweet. Her voice is soft and sweet,

mp

Which ne'er for-got will be, And for bon-nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me doon and dee.
And dark blue is her e'e, And for bon-nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me doon and dee.
And she's a' the world to me, And for bon-nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me doon and dee.

This song was popular throughout the Eastern States in 1861. In feeling and melodious simplicity, it is similar to the Foster songs of the same period.

31. Bonny Eloise

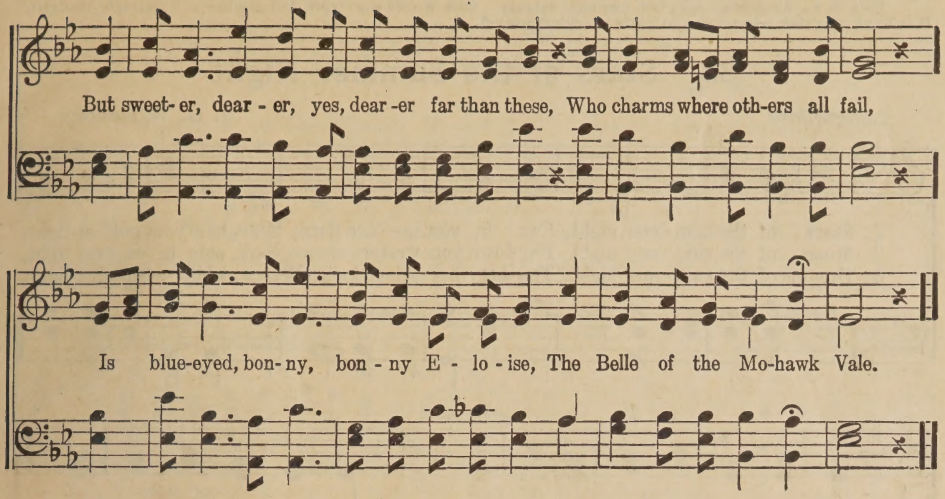
C. W. Elliott — *J. R. Thomas*

SOLO OR UNISON

1. O sweet is the vale where the Mo - hawk gen - tly glides On its
2. O sweet are the scenes of my boy - hood's sun - ny years That be -

clear wind - ing way to the sea, And dear - er than all sto - ried
span - gle the gay val - ley o'er, And dear are the friends seen thro'

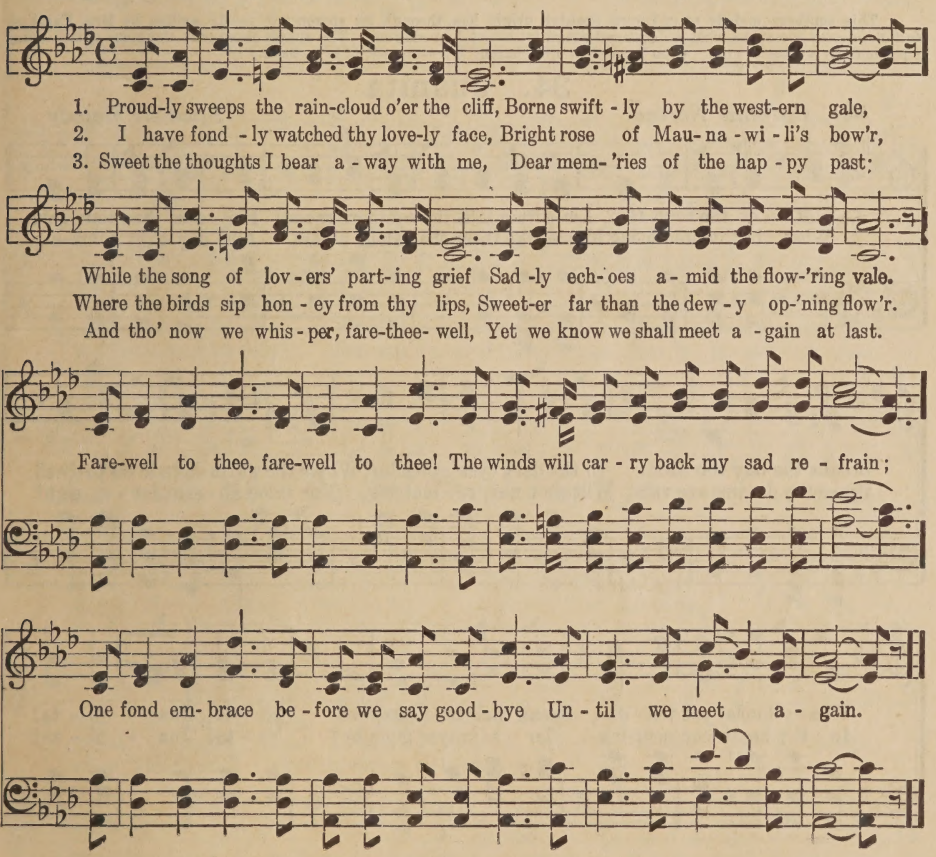
streams on earth be - sides Is the bright roll - ing riv - er to me.
mem - o - ry's fond tears, That have lived in the blest days of yore.



This song is not included as characteristic of Hawaiian music, but the native words originated in those islands. The tune, although ascribed to the former Queen, is possibly an adaptation of an American melody.

32. Aloha Oe

English version by Stephen Fay ***Queen Liliuokalani***



This is an American song of unusual beauty. The words are from Longfellow's "Spanish Student." It is most effective when sung in parts unaccompanied.

33. Stars of the Summer Night

Longfellow — *I. B. Woodbury*

1. Stars of the sum-mer night, Far in yon az-ure deep, Hide, hide your gold-en light,
2. Moon of the sum-mer night, Far down yon western steeps, Sink, sink in sil-ver light,
3. Dreams of the sum-mer night, Tell her, her lov-er keeps Watch, while, in slumber light,

She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps, She sleeps, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.

This southern melody of unknown Spanish origin has, through its appropriate words written by Mrs. Caroline Norton, become one of the most widely used songs for out-of-door singing. The simple three-part structure of this song is particularly worthy of note. (The Spanish pronunciation, *Wa-neê-tah*, is to be used.)

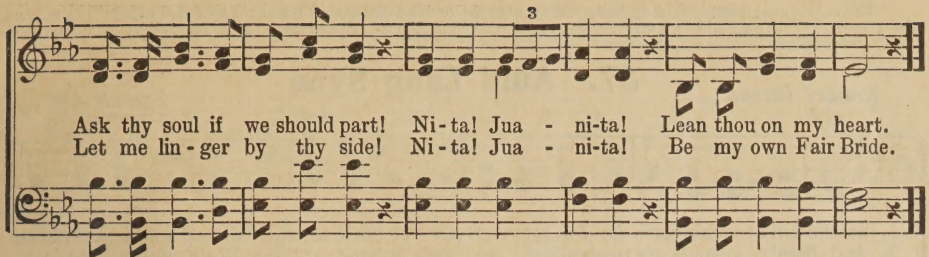
34. Juanita

Mrs. Caroline Norton — *Spanish Melody*

1. Soft o'er the foun-tain, Lin-g'ring falls the southern moon; Far o'er the moun-tain,
2. When in thy dream-ing Moons like these shall shine a-gain, And day-light beam-ing,

Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eyes' splendor, Where the warm-light loves to dwell,
Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re-lent-ing, For thine ab-sent lov-er sigh?

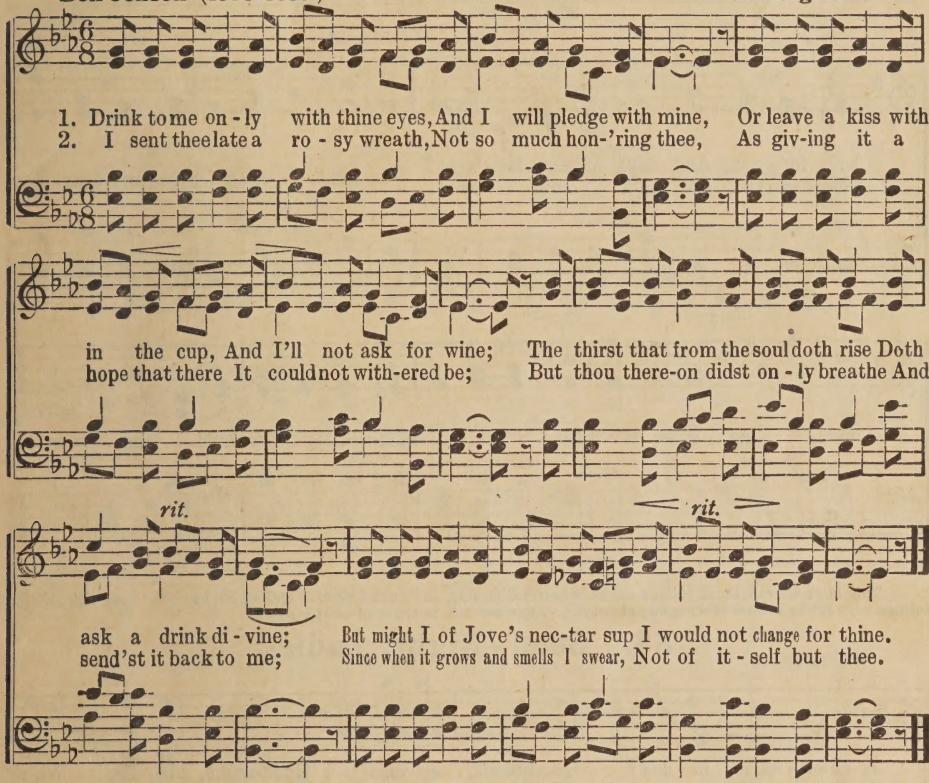
Wea-ry looks, yet ten-der, Speak their fond fare-well. Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!
In thy heart con-sent-ing To a prayer gone by? Ni-ta! Jua-ni-ta!



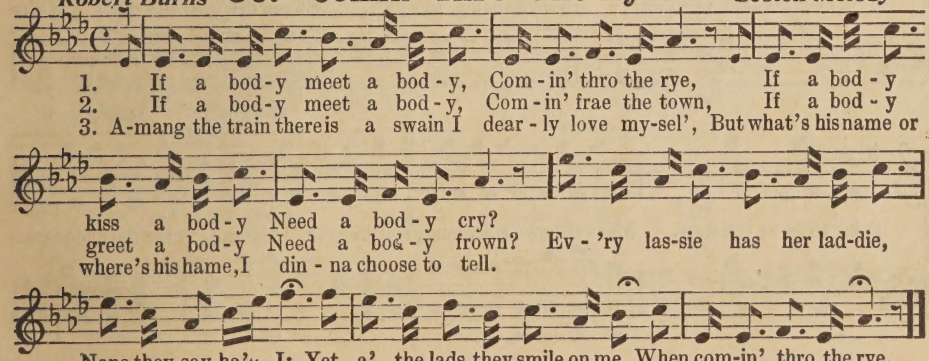
This poem was written by Ben Jonson, the great dramatist of England in Shakespeare's time. He called his poem "To Celia" and wrote it in the style of the Elizabethan period. The composer is unknown.

35. Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes

Ben Jonson (1573-1637) — *Old English Air*



Robert Burns — **36. Comin' Thro' The Rye.** — *Scotch Melody*



This is a very old Scotch folk-song, built on the pentatonic, or five-toned scale. Burns revised it and added the second and other stanzas, but the original words and tune go much farther back into old Scotch legend. It is sung throughout the English-speaking world especially at social gatherings.

37. Auld Lang Syne

Robert Burns — *Scotch Air*

mf

1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev - er bro't to mind? Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And days of auld lang syne?
2. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

REFRAIN.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

This is another of those college songs whose authorship has been forgotten and which has been sung not only by college boys but by almost every group of people, young and old, in times of merriment.

38. Good-Night, Ladies

Sostenuto. *f*

1. Good - night, la - dies! Good-night, la - dies! Good-night, la - dies! We're going to leave you now.
2. Fare - well, la - dies! Fare - well, la - dies! Fare - well, la - dies! We're
3. Sweet dreams, la - dies! Sweet dreams, la - dies! Sweet dreams, la - dies! We're

Repeat pp. *Ritard molto*

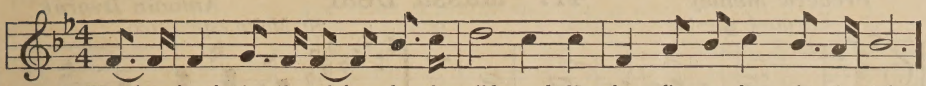
Allegro.

Mer - ri-ly we roll along, roll along, roll along, O'er the dark blue sea.

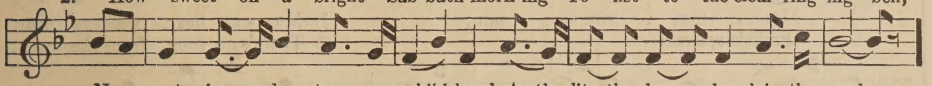
The little brown church of this song is said to stand in the town of Bradford, Iowa.

39. The Little Brown Church in the Vale

Dr. W. S. Pitts

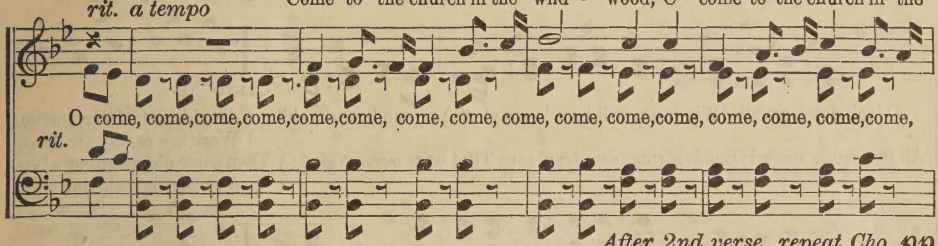


1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No lov-li-er place in the dale;
2. How sweet on a bright Sab-bath morn-ing To list to the clear ring-ing bell;



No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the lit-tle brown church in the vale.
Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, O come to the church in the vale.
Come to the church in the wild-wood, O come to the church in the

rit. a tempo

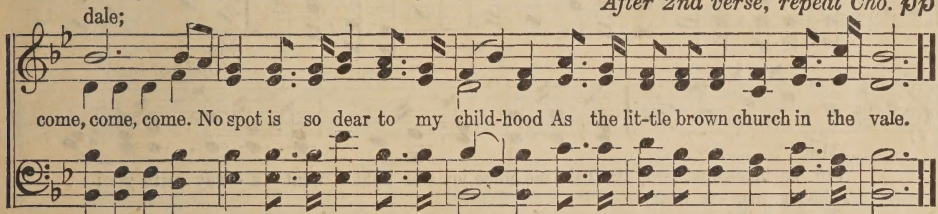


O come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,

rit.

After 2nd verse, repeat Cho. pp

dale;

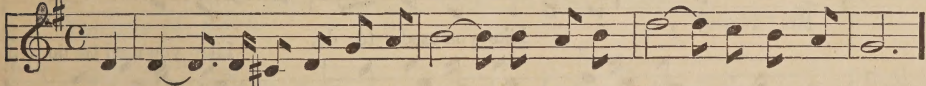


come, come, come. No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the lit-tle brown church in the vale.

This song has enjoyed great popularity for three generations. Mrs. Willard was a teacher and author of school books. The music was written by an Englishman, composer of many fine songs of the sea.

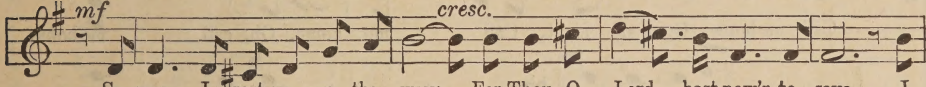
40. Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep

Emma Willard — *J. P. Knight*



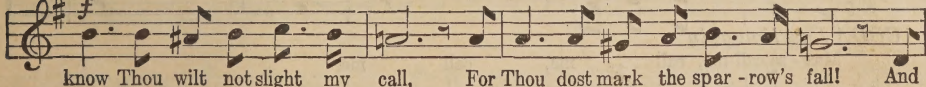
1. Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep;
2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' storm-y winds swept o'er the brine;

mf *cresc.*



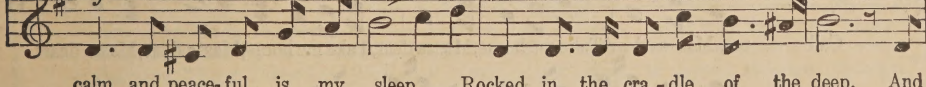
Se-cure I rest up-on the wave, For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save. I
Or tho' the tem-pest's fi-ery breath Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death! In

f



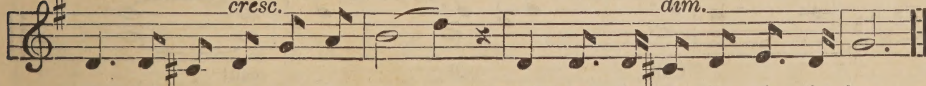
know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the spar-row's fall! And
o-cean's cave still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal-i-ty. And

mf



calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rocked in the cra-dle of the deep, And

cresc. *dim.*



calm and peace-ful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.

Dvořák, Bohemia's greatest composer, spent three years in this country (1892-5) and this melody is a reflection of that experience. The interrelation in feeling between the music and Mr. Manley's text is so natural that the song has gradually assumed the status of folk-music and generally is so accepted.

Frederic Manley

41. Massa Dear

Antonín Dvořák

Largo (♩ = 52

Molto espressivo

Mm . mm . mm . mm.

(*Prelude optional*)

1. Mas - sa dear, mas - sa dear,
2. There's no song from the corn,

O look down a while! Winds am still, heav'n am clear, You can hear dis chile.

All the nights are sad; Banjo strings dumb an' torn That were once so glad;

{ All the home folks is gone,
{ Work is o'er, day is done,
{ Then some old neighbor's tune
And the clear shining moon

ALTO Mm . . . .

Mm . . . . . .

(*Optional bass*)

Mm . . . .

I'm so lone-some here; 1&2 Take me home, joy and light went a - way with you;

Take me, mas - sa dear;
On the wind was borne,
Made the night like morn!

Mm . . . . .

Like you used to do,

Like you used to do.

D.S.

Call me home from de night, Call me home, Oh, call me home.

CODA Last time only

Mas - sa, call me, call me, call me,

Call me, Mas - sa dear, Take me home, Massa dear, Take me home, Massa dear, Massa dear!

Call, call, call! . . .

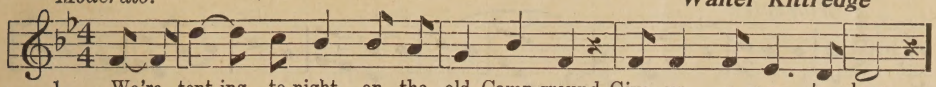
Copyrighted by C. C. Birchard & Co., 1920

Walter Kittredge, author and composer of this song, records that it was written at a time when he expected to go South to join the Union forces. He was rejected by the surgeon and could not go. Being a singer by profession he decided to do his part by "singing for Uncle Sam." Painting as it does one of the most pathetic sides of war, this song of his, one of the few that survived the war, is regarded as a splendid peace song to-day.

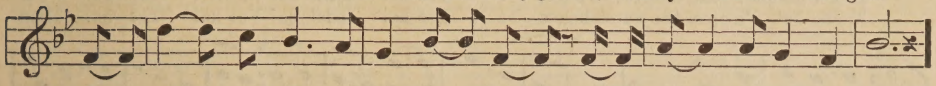
42. Tenting To-night

Words and Music by Walter Kittredge

Moderato.

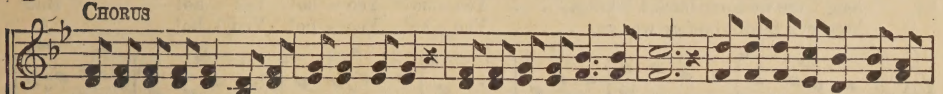


1. We're tent-ing to-night on the old Camp ground, Give us a song to cheer
2. We've been tent-ing to-night on the old Camp ground, Thinking of days gone by,
3. We are tired of war on the old Camp ground, Man-y are dead and gone

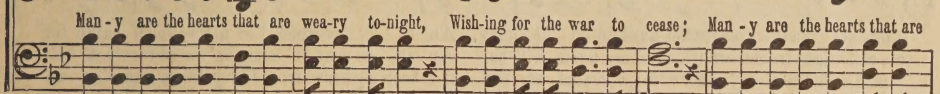


Our wear-y hearts, a song of home And friends we love so dear.
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand And the tear that said "Good-bye."
Of the brave and true who've left their homes, Oth-ers been wounded long.

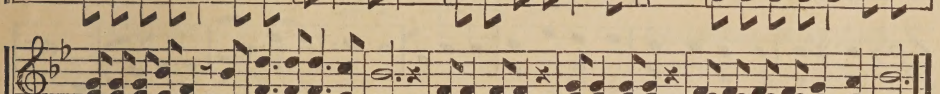
CHORUS



Man-y are the hearts that are wea-ry to-night, Wish-ing for the war to cease; Man-y are the hearts that are

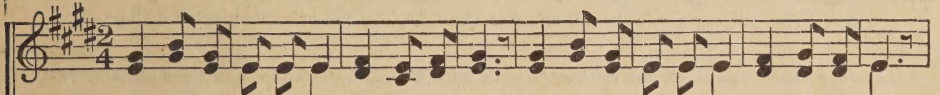


look-ing for the right, To see the dawn of peace. Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing to-night, Tent-ing on the old camp-ground.

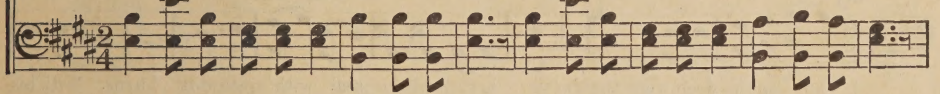


43. Gaily the Troubadour

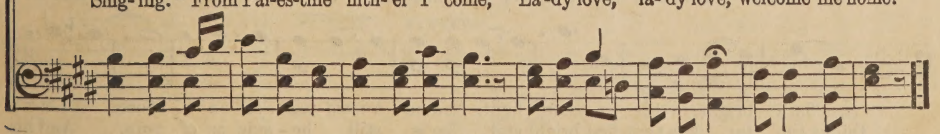
Thomas H. Bayly *Thomas H. Bayly*



1. Gai-ly the Trou-badour touch'd his guitar, When he was has-ten-ing home from the war.
2. She for the Trou-badour hope-less-ly wept; Sad-ly she thought of him when others slept.
3. Hark! 'twas the Trou-badour breathing her name, Un-der the bat-tle-ment soft-ly he came;



Sing-ing: "From Pal-es-tine hith-er I come, La-dy love, la-dy love, welcome me home!"
Sing-ing: "In search of thee would I might roam, Troubadour, trou-badour, come to thy home!"
Sing-ing: "From Pal-es-tine hith-er I come, La-dy love, la-dy love, welcome me home!"



Stephen Adams is the name under which Michael Maybrick published his popular songs of which "Nancy Lee" and "A Warrior Bold" are best known. He was born at Liverpool in 1844 and died only recently. The jolly character of the music and the simple story of domestic fidelity has kept it alive when most of the popular songs of its day are forgotten.

44. Nancy Lee

Frederick E. Weatherly — *Stephen Adams*

f With spirit

1. Of all the wives as e'er you know, . . Yeo-ho! lads! ho! Yeo-ho! Yeo- ho! There's
2. The harbor's past, the breezes blow, . . Yeo-ho! lads! ho! Yeo-ho! Yeo- ho! 'Tis
3. The bo' - s'n pipes the watch below, . . Yeo-ho! lads! ho! Yeo-ho! Yeo- ho! Then

none like Nan-cy Lee, I trow, . . Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! See
long ere we come back, I know, . . Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! But
here's a health be-fore we go, . . . Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! Yeo - ho! A

there she stands an' waves her hand up-on the quay, An' ev -'ry day when I'm a-way she'll watch for
true and bright from morn till night my home will be, An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet for Jack at
long, long life to my sweet wife an' mates at sea, An' keep my bones from Davy Jones where'er we

me, An' whisper low when tempests blow, for Jack at sea; Yeo - ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho!
sea, An' Nancy's face to bless the place, an' wel-come me; Yeo - ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho!
be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan- cy Lee; Yeo - ho! lads! ho! Yeo - ho!

The sail - or's wife the sail-or's star shall be. Yeo - ho! we go a - cross the

sea; The sail - or's wife the sail-or's star shall be, The sail-or's wife his star shall be.

Another song of English origin, voicing the same spirit of steadfast devotion expressed in Nancy Lee.

45. Out on the Deep

Allegro moderato — *Frederic N. Löhr*

mf — *cres.*

1. Out on the deep, when the sun is low, And the sea with splen-dor burns, With his
2. Out on the deep, when the sun is dead, And the first sweet star doth gleam, Of a

mf

sca - ly spoil, from his eve-ning toil, The fish - er home - ward turns, And his
day that is dead, and a love that is fled, The fish - er oft will dream, And he

cres.

oars flash bright, in the o - cean light, And he knows that eyes on shore, Look
thinks, tho' far, like that first bright star, She is still be - side as of yore, And his

f *f*

out on the deep, for his bright oar sweep, And he sings as he swings his oar: "A
oars gleam bright in its sweet pale light, And he sighs as he plies his oar: "A

long sweep, lads, and a strong sweep, boys, And a song as a - long we
slow sweep, lads, and a low sweep, boys, And a song as a - long we

cres. *dim.*

go, . For the hearts that yearn for our home re - turn, When the eve - ning
go, . For the star of Love that is bright a - bove, And its gleam in the

molto rall. *mf a tempo*

sun is low, When the eve - ning sun is low." . . . . . .
wave be - low, And its gleam in the wave be - low." . . . . . .

This charming boat song has become known all over the world. It originated in Naples, but the Venetian gondoliers consider it as much their own as do the Neapolitan fishermen who sing it in time to the gentle swing of the oar. "Santa Lucia" is the tutelary saint of the Neapolitans. (*c* before *i*, in Italian, is pronounced like *ch*, so sing *Lu-che-a.*)

46. Santa Lucia

Andantino **Neapolitan Boat Song**

p

1. { Now 'neath the sil - ver moon o - cean is glow - ing, O'er the calm bil - low
Here balm - y breez - es blow, pure joys in - vite us, And as we gen - tly row,
2. { When o'er thy wa - ters light winds are play - ing, Thy spell can soothe us,
To thee, sweet Na - po - li, what charms are giv - en, Where smiles cre - a - tion,

1 2

soft winds are blow - ing;
all things de- (*Omit.*) light us. Hark, how the sail-or's cry Joy - ous - ly
all care al - lay - ing; Home of fair Po - e - sy, Realm of pure
toil blest by (*Omit.*) heav - en.

1 2

ech - oes nigh: San - ta Lu - ci - a! San - ta Lu - ci - a!
har - mo - ny, San - ta Lu - ci - a! (*Omit.* . . . . .) San - ta Lu - ci - a!

Our people are becoming more conscious of the beauty and pathos to be found in the negro "spirituals" of which this is a fine example. In singing these songs great contrasts in loud and soft are desirable.

47. O Mary, Don't You Weep!

1st time mf: 2nd time pp — *Negro Melody*

O Ma - ry, don't you weep, don't you mourn, O Ma - ry, don't you weep, don't you mourn;

Pha - roh's ar - my got drown - ded, O Ma - ry, don't you weep! weep!

SOLO (*Small notes may be hummed as an accompaniment*)

The way of e - vil do - ing is - a wide and fair, And man - y, man-y, man-y they who
There was a might - y man who came on earth to save, Thro' Him we stem the tide of trib - u -

CHORUS — *dying away pp rall.*

per - ish there; Pha - roh's ar - my got drown - ded, O Ma - ry, don't you weep!
la - tion's wave; Pha - roh's ar - my got drown - ded, O Ma - ry, don't you weep!

This "spiritual" is one of the best known of the Negro songs. It embodies in words and music the elemental fervor and emotion that characterize the religious manifestations of the African race. A wonderful and characteristic effect is produced by having the chorus prolong each time the word *home* while the solo singer begins the succeeding phrase. Great freedom is permissable in the rhythm of the solo parts.

48. Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Negro Melody

mp SOLO OR UNISON — *mf* CHORUS — *mp* SOLO

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Com-in' for to car - ry me home! Swing low, sweet

mf CHORUS FINE *f* SOLO

char - i - ot, Com - in' for to car - ry me home! 1. I looked o - ver Jor - dan an'
2. If you get . . there be -
3. I'm some - times up an'

ff CHORUS SOLO

what did I see, Com - in' for to car - ry me home! A
fore . . I do, Com - in' for to car - ry me home! Jess
some - times down, Com - in' for to car - ry me home! But

mf *mp* CHORUS *rall.* . . . *D.C. al Fine*

band of an - gels com - in' af - ter me, Com - in' for to car - ry me home!
tell my frien's that I'm a - com - in' too, Com - in' for to car - ry me home!
still my soul feels heav - en - ly . . boun', Com - in' for to car - ry me home!

This also is among the best known Negro songs. All of them possess a quality of exaltation and sincerity not surpassed in any form of Folk music. As in most of the negro "spirituals," these songs begin with the refrain, which should be repeated after each verse.

49. Steal Away

mp *mp* *Negro Melody*

Steal a - way, steal a - way, Steal a - way to Je - sus. Steal a - way, steal a - way home,

:S: *mf* FINE *ff* UNISON

I ain't got long to stay here. 1. My Lord calls me, He
2. Green trees bend - ing, Poor
3. My Lord calls me, He

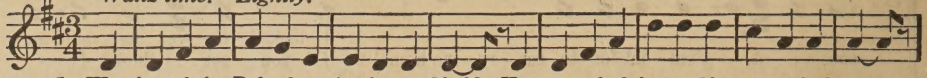
D.S. al Fine

calls me by the thun - der; The trum - pet sounds with - in - a my soul!
sin - ner stands a - trem - bling; The trum - pet sounds with - in - a my soul!
calls me by the light - ning; The trum - pet sounds with - in - a my soul!

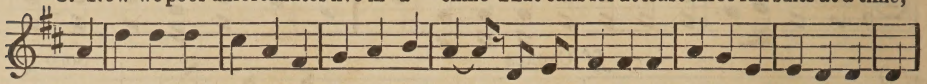
This melody is the old tune, "Wilkins and His Dinah," and is here amplified by the refrain of a well-known College Song.

David Stevens **50. The Climate** *Old Melody*

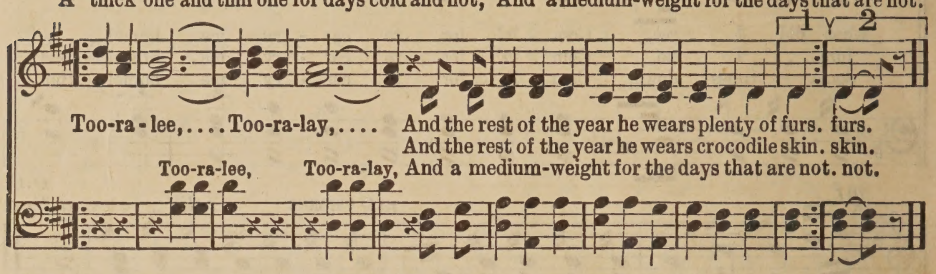
Waltz time. Lightly.



1. We sing of the Polar bear fearless and bold, He nev-er feels hot and he nev-er feels cold,
2. The Croc-o-dile lives in the trop-ic-al belt, And neither the cold nor the heat ever felt,
3. Now we poor unfortunates live in a clime That calls for at least three full suits at a time;



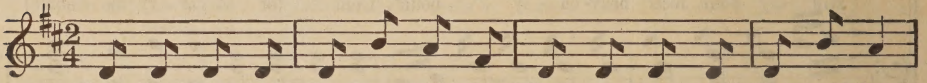
Be-cause where he lives summer never oc - curs, And the rest of the year he wears plenty of furs.
Be-cause in the win-ter his summers be - gin, And the rest of the year he wears crocodile skin.
A thick one and thin one for days cold and hot, And a medium-weight for the days that are not.



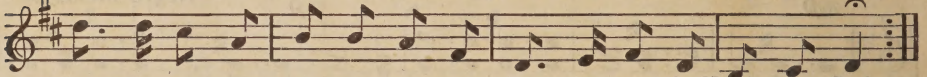
Too-ra - lee,....Too-ra-lay,.... And the rest of the year he wears plenty of furs. furs.
And the rest of the year he wears crocodile skin. skin.
Too-ra-lee, Too-ra-lay, And a medium-weight for the days that are not. not.

This may be sung as a canon by dividing the chorus into two sections. The first section, (women's voices,) begins; when they have sung the first measure the second section, (men's voices,) begins and continues one measure behind the others, using the second line of each verse.

51. Reuben and Rachel



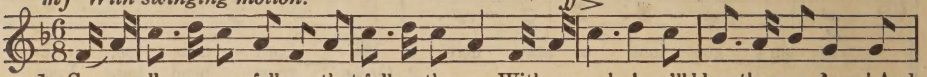
1. { Reu - ben, Reu - ben, I've been think - ing What a queer world this would be,
   { Ra - chel, Ra - chel, I've been think - ing What a queer world this would be,
2. { Reu - ben, Reu - ben, I've been think - ing Life would be so eas - y then;
   { Ra - chel, Ra - chel, I've been think - ing Life would be so eas - y then;
3. { Reu - ben, Reu - ben, I've been think - ing, If we went be - yond the seas,
   { Ra - chel, Ra - chel, I've been think - ing, If we went be - yond the seas,



{ If the men were all trans-port - ed Far be - yond the North - ern Sea!
{ If the girls were all trans-port - ed Far be - yond the North - ern Sea!
{ What a love - ly world this would be If there were no tire - some men!
{ What a love - ly world this would be If you'd leave it to the men!
{ All the men would fol - low aft - er Like a swarm of hum - ble - bees!
{ All the girls would fol - low aft - er Like a swarm of hon - ey - bees!

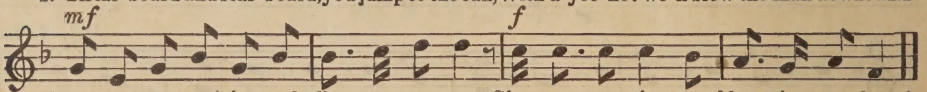
52. Blow the Man Down

mf With swinging motion. *Sailor's Chanty*



1. Come, all ye young fellows that follow the sea, With a yeo-ho! we'll blow the man down! And
2. On board the Black Baller I first served my time, With a yeo-ho! we'll blow the man down! And
3. There were tinkers and tailors and sailors and all, With a yeo-ho! we'll blow the man down! That
4. 'Tis lar-board and star-board, you jump to the call, With a yeo-ho! we'll blow the man down! When

mf *f*



please pay at - ten - tion and lis - ten to me, Give us some time to blow the man down!
in the Black Ball-er I wast - ed my time, Give us some time to blow the man down!
shipped for good seamen on board the Black Ball, Give us some time to blow the man down!
Kick-ing Jack Williams commands the Black Ball, Give us some time to blow the man down!

The zest with which songs of this type are sung by the young and old testifies to the need of "a little non sense now and then" as a legitimate outlet for the high spirits and good feeling that prevail in social gatherings.

53. The Bull Dog on the Bank

(FOR MALE VOICES)

College Song

1. Oh! the bull-dog on the bank, Oh! the bull-dog on the
2. Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him, Oh! the bull-dog stooped to
3. Says the mon-key to the owl: Says the monkey to the

SOLO, FIRST BASS.

And the bull-frog in the pool,
And the snap-per caught his paw,
"Oh! what'll you have to drink?"

f CHORUS. *Allegro*

bank, *Air* Oh! the bull-dog on the bank, And the
catch him, Oh! the bull-dog stooped to catch him And the
owl: Says the mon-key to the owl: "Oh!

SOLO, SECOND BASS. *rit. ad lib.*

And the bull-frog in the pool,
And the snap-per caught his paw,
"Oh! what'll you have to drink?"

bull-frog in the pool; The bull-dog called the bull-frog, A green old wa-ter fool.
snap-per caught his paw; The pol-ly-wog died a-laugh-ing, To see him wag his jaw.
what'll you have to drink?" "Why since you are so ver-y kind, I'll take a bottle of ink."

Sing-ing tra la la la la la la, Sing-ing tra la la la la la la, Sing-ing

Repeat pp

tra la la la la la, singing tra la la la la la, Tra la la la, tra la la la, tra la la la la la.

The origin of this song is uncertain; probably it came from the South. Many versions of text have been printed, but the first verse and chorus here given have the authority of usage, while the other verses seem to be sufficiently characteristic. In keeping with the original character of the song it is effective to have the first phrase sung by a single voice or the men in unison, all the voices entering with the harmony of the second phrase.

54. Levee Song

American Melody

Single voice or all voices in unison. *All voices in harmony.*

1. Oh, I was bo'n in Mo - bile town, I'm wuk - kin' on de lev - ee,
   All day I roll de cot - ton down, A - wuk - kin' on de lev - ee.
2. I use' to have a dawg name' Bill, A - wuk - kin' on de lev - ee;
   He run a - way but I'm here still A - wuk - kin' on de lev - ee.
3. Dat li'l ole dawg set up an' beg, A - wuk - kin' on de lev - ee,
   Till I done give him chick - en. leg, A - wuk - kin' on de lev - ee.

CHORUS.

I've been wuk-kin' on de rail-road All de live-long day; I've been wukkin' on de rail - road, To pass de time a - way. Doan' yo' hyar de whis- tle blow - in', Rise up so ear -ly in the mawn; Doan' yo' hyar de cap-'n shout-in': "Di-nah, blow yo' hawn!"

55. The Mosquito's Serenade

Words and Music by Harvey Worthington Loomis

p

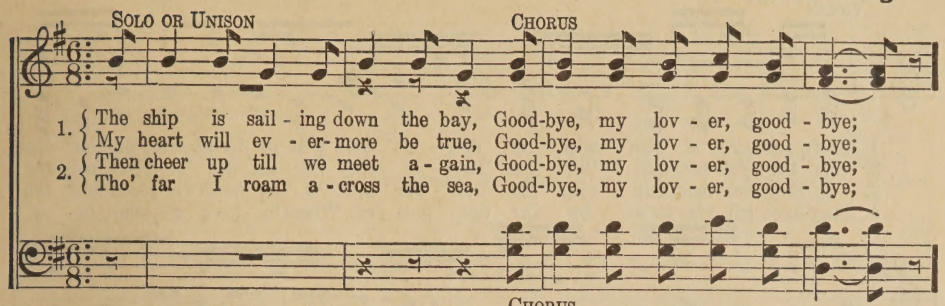
1. Zz-z-z-z . . . The mos - qui - to is sing - ing, O hark!
2. Zz-z-z-z . . . He has spec - ta - cles made for the night,

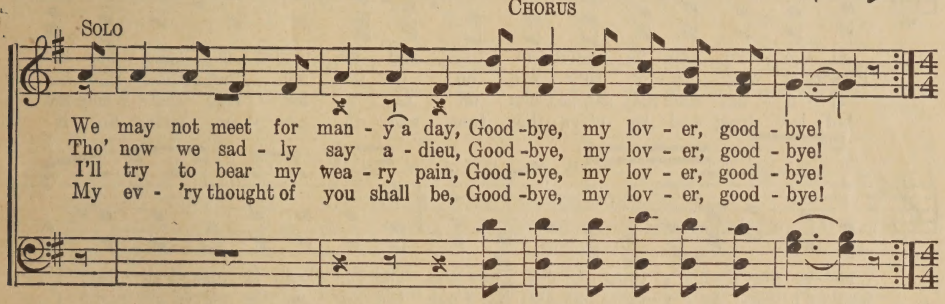
1 2 *ff*

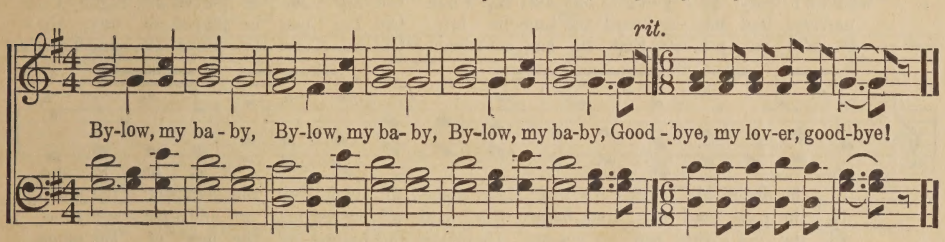
Zz-z-z-z . . . And he al - ways tunes up in the dark.
Zz-z-z-z . . . So he's a - ble to see where to bite—*Zzt!*

56. Good-Bye, My Lover, Good-Bye

American Song



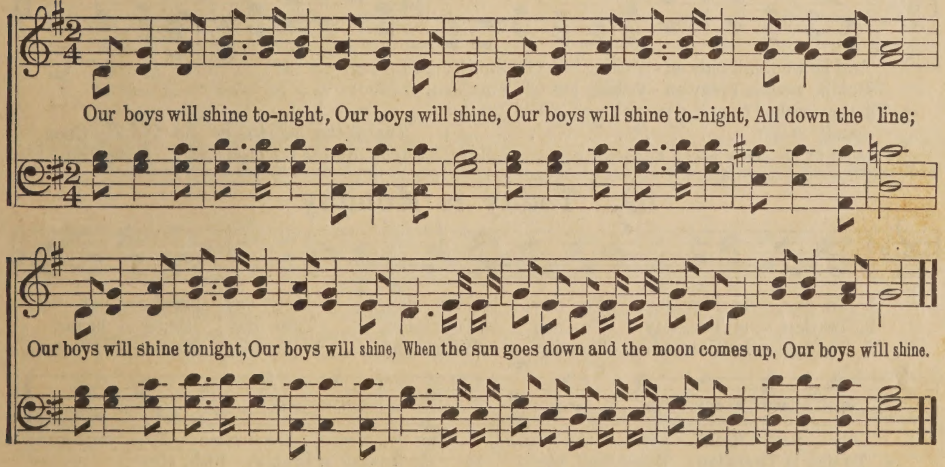




Variety may be obtained in repetitions of this song by substituting for the words "Our Boys" the name of an individual, etc.

57. Our Boys Will Shine To-Night

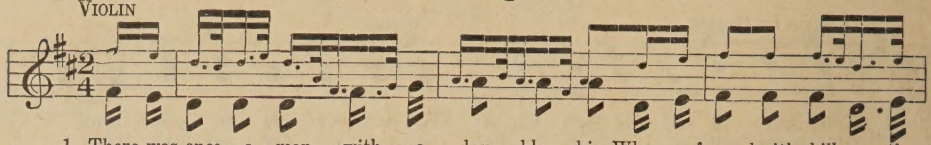
American



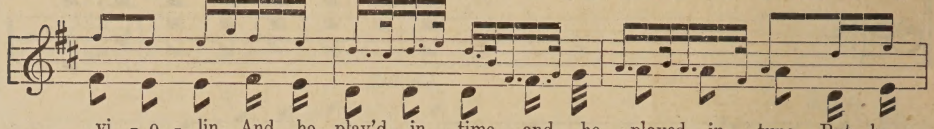
This tune, sometimes called "Turkey in the Straw," is an old-fashioned reel, and has many variants. his version is one of the most common. The vocal part here is simplified to make it more singable.

David Stevens **58. Old Zip Coon** *Old American Tune*

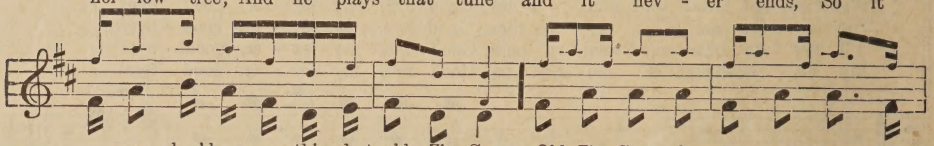
VIOLIN



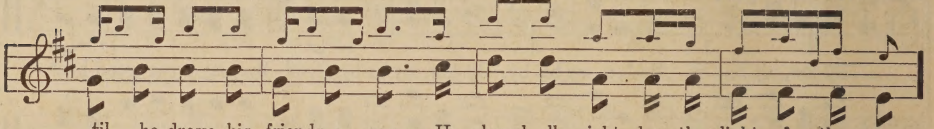
1. There was once a man with a dou - ble chin Who per-formed with skill on the
2. So the neigh-bors said: "Will you kind - ly play Nel - lie Bly or Where are the
3. So they took that man with the dou - ble chin, All his world - ly goods and the
4. They have left him there by the deep blue sea, Where he lives a - lone in a



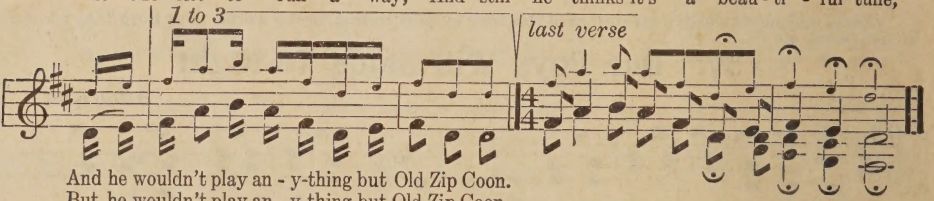
vi - o - lin, And he play'd in time, and he played in tune, But he
Flow'rs of May? An - y tune will do if it's not that tune, But he
vi - o - lin, And they shipped him off to a for - eign shore Where the
hol - low tree; And he plays that tune and it nev - er ends, So it



nev - er play'd an - y - thing but old Zip Coon. Old Zip Coon he played all day, Un -
would-n't play an - y - thing but old Zip Coon. Old Zip Coon he played all night Un -
na-tives had nev - er heard the tune be - fore. Old Zip Coon he played all day, Un -
is - n't sur - pris - ing that he has no friends. Old Zip Coon he plays all day, There's



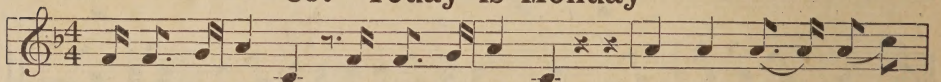
til he drove his friends a - way; He played all night by the light of the moon,
til the owls and bats took flight; His friends all begged for a dif - fer - ent tune,
til the na - tives ran a - way; He played and played by the light of the moon,
no one left to run a - way; And still he thinks it's a beau - ti - ful tune,



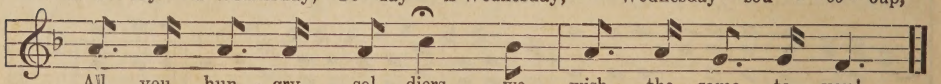
And he wouldn't play an - y-thing but Old Zip Coon.
But he wouldn't play an - y-thing but Old Zip Coon.
Till they wished they had never heard of Old Zip Coon.
And (*Omit* . . . . .) That is the his - to - ry of Old Zip Coon.

This bit of nonsense was a favorite camp-song with the soldier, during the Great War. It illustrates the philosophic good humor which is an outstanding characteristic of the United States Army and Navy.

59. Today is Monday



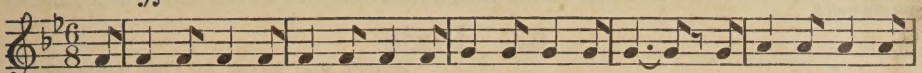
1. To-day is Mon-day, To - day is Mon - day, Mon - day bread and but - ter,
2. To-day is Tues-day, To - day is Tues - day, Tues - day string - beans,
3. To-day is Wednesday, To - day is Wednesday, Wednesday sou - *oo* - oup,



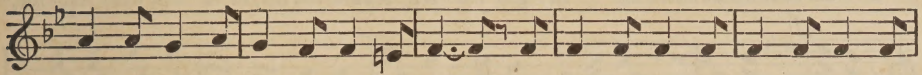
All you hun - gry sol - diers, we wish the same to you!

4. To-day is Thursday. Roast beef, etc.
5. To-day is Friday. Fish, etc.
6. To-day is Saturday. Pay-day, etc.
7. To-day is Sunday. Church (Ding dong,) etc.

Richard D. Ware **60. Yankee Doodle-oodle!** *College tune*

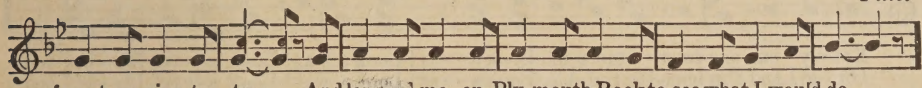


1. My name is Yan-kee Doo-dle and my home's the U. S. A., I'm get-ting pret-ty
2. One day there came an In-di-an with tom-a-hawk in hand And said that I was
3. I had a time in sev'n-ty-six with Uncle George the Third, I got a tri-fle
4. I had an al-ter-ca-tion in the spring of nine-ty-eight, When Dewey made a
5. I like to en-ter-tain my friends and ask them in to dine; I give them what they

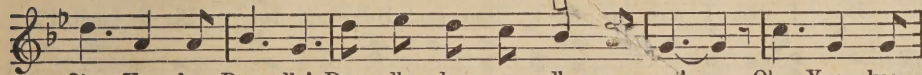


hus-ky now and grow-ing ev-'ry day. Co-lum-bus brought me o-ver here in
tres-pass-ing up-on his pri-vate land; But Po-ca-hon-tas came a-long and
pee-vish then, as most of you have heard; I gave a lit-tle so-cia-ble at
few re-marks that car-ried lots of weight. I did some fan-cy bot-tling down in
want to eat—but don't set up the wine. I've got an e-ven tem-per as 'most

Fine.

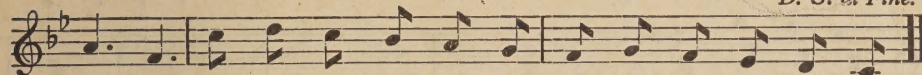


four-teen-nine-ty-two, And land-ed me on Ply-mouth Rock to see what I would do.
in-tro-duced the myth That I was just an Englishman whose name was Cap-tain Smith.
Bos-ton-by-the-sea, And ev-er since, the har-bor tastes of Eng-lish break-fast tea.
San-ti-a-go Bay And fixed it so Cer-ve-ra found it hard to get a-way.
ev-'ry-bod-y knows, Pro-vid-ed folks will just re-frain from tread-ing on my toes.



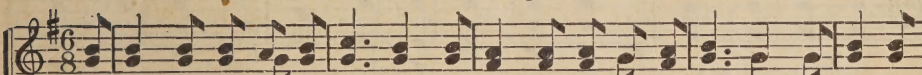
Oh, Yan-kee Doo-dle! Doo-dle-de-oo-dle-e-oo! Oh, Yan-kee

D. S. al Fine.

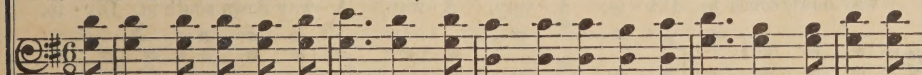


Doo-dle! Doo-dle-de-oo-dle-e-oo-dle-e-oo-dle! My

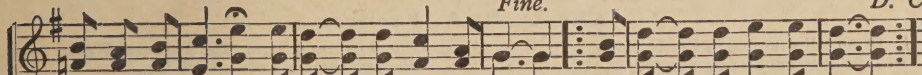
61. For He's a Jolly Good Fellow!



1. For he's a jol-ly good fel-low, For he's a jol-ly good fel-low, For he's a
1. We won't go home un-til morn-ing, We won't go home un-til morn-ing, We won't go
1. The bear went o-ver the mountain, The bear went o-ver the moun-tain, The bear went
2. Was the oth-er side of the mountain, The oth-er side of the moun-tain, The oth-er

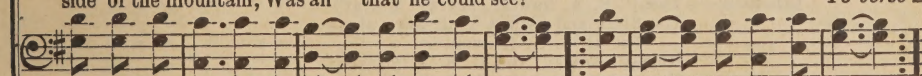


Fine. *D. C.*



jol-ly good fel-low, Which no-bod-y can de-ny! Which no-bod-y can de-ny,
home un-til morn-ing, Till day-light doth ap-pear! Till day-light doth ap-pear!
o-ver the mountain, To see what he could see! (*Yell*) And all that he could see—
side of the mountain, Was all that he could see!

To verse 2.



This, the most rollicking of our National Songs, was written and composed for a negro minstrel show, by Daniel Decatur Emmett. Only two of the many verses are here given. Another version, "The U. S. A. Forever," written by Angus S. Hibbard, is included. The song, as originally written, was instantaneously successful and became a Confederate war-song. Since then it has become a favorite throughout this country and as a band composition is played all over the world.

62. Dixie

Words and Music by Dan Emmett

mf Allegro

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am not for-got-ten,
2. Dars buckwheat cakes an' In-gen bat-ter, Makes you fat, or a lit-tle fat-ter,

f

Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land. In Dix-ie Land whar I was born in,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dix-ie Land. Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble, To

f

Ear-ly on one frost-y morn-in', Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
Dix-ie Land I'm bound to trab-ble, Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.

CHORUS.

Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In Dix-ie Land, I'll

take my stand To lib and die in Dix-ie; A-way, A-way, A-

way down south in Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie.

The U. S. A. Forever

1. Come, all who live in the U. S. A.,
Join in our song and sing today,
Work away, work away, for the land of the free;
United, firm, with every state,
To make a nation good and great,
Work away, work away, for the land of the free.

2. The North and South, the East and West,
We love them all, for all are best,
Work away, work away, for the land of the free;
United States and hearts and hands
Will make the greatest of all lands,
Work away, work away, for the land of the free.

CHORUS:— The U. S. A. forever, hurray! hurray!
The Stars and Stripes shall wave above
The U. S. A. forever.
Hurray! hurray! the U. S. A. forever!
Hurray! hurray! the Stars and Stripes forever.

A round which by its words and its bugle-like music recalls hunting scenes in England.

63. Merrily, Merrily

English

1. 2.

Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly greet the morn: Cheer-i - ly, cheer-i - ly sound the horn.

3. 4.

Hark! to the ech - oes, hear them play, O'er hill and dale, and far a - way.

This is a Neapolitan song known in Italy as "Funiculi-Funicula," so called because it was written to celebrate the opening of the funicular railroad (cars drawn by cable), up Mt. Vesuvius. It became a popular street-song in Naples and has spread to all parts of the world. It portrays the care-free life of the Italian idler.

64. A Merry Life

From the Italian *Denza*

Solo *Chorus*

1. Some think the world is made for fun and frolic, And so do I! And so do I!
2. Ah, me, 'tis strange that some should take to sighing, And like it well! And like it well!

Solo *Chorus* *Solo*

Some think it well to be all mel-an-chol-ic, To pine and sigh; To pine and sigh; But
For me, I have not tho't it worth the trying, So can-not tell! So can-not tell! With

Chorus *Solo*

I, I love to spend my time in singing, Some joy-ous song, Some joy-ous song; To
laugh and dance and song the day soon passes, Full soon is gone, Full soon is gone; For

f *Chorus*

set the air with mu-sic bravely ring-ing Is far from wrong! Is far from wrong!
mirth was made for joyous lads and lasses To call their own! To call their own!

f *1st time Solo* *p*

Hark-en! Hark-en! Music sounds a-far! Hark-en! Hark-en! Music sounds a-far! Tra-la-la-

mf *f*

la, tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la, tra-la-la - la! Joy is ev'rywhere, Tra-la-la - la, tra-la-la-la!

The origin of this grand old hymn is unknown, but the words come from an old Italian hymn of the 13th century. The tune has been variously attributed to Reading, Thurley, and to the Cisterian monks. The verses in italics are from the hymn "How Firm a Foundation," frequently sung to this tune, and said to have been the favorite hymn of the late Theodore Roosevelt.

65. O Come, All Ye Faithful

Tr. F. Oakeley, 1841
George Keith

John Reading

1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-um-phant, O come ye, O come ye to
2. Sing, choirs of An-gels, Sing in ex-ul-ta-tion, Sing, all ye cit-i-zens of
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith.. in His
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God... and will

Beth-le-hem; Come and be-hold Him Born the King of An-gels: O come, let us a-
heav'n a-bove: Glo-ry to God..... In the high-est: O come, let us a-
ex-cellent Word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by My

dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, Christ the Lord.
ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
righteous om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by My righteous, om-nip-o-tent hand.

Thomas Moore

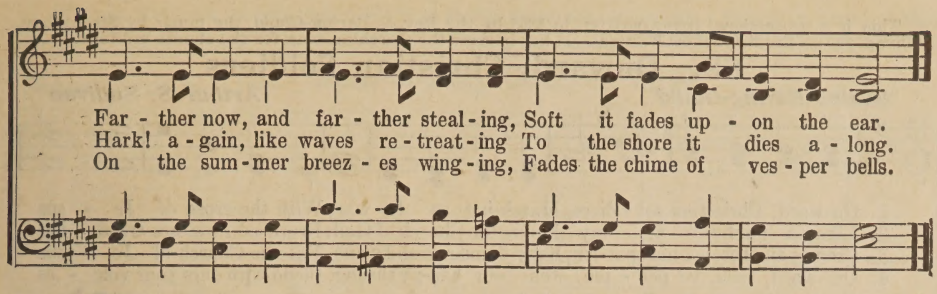
66. Vesper Hymn

Russian Air

Allegretto.

mf
1. Hark! the ves-per hymn is steal-ing O'er the wa-ters soft and clear;
Near-er yet and near-er peal-ing, Soft it breaks up-on the ear.
2. Now like moon-light waves re-treat-ing, To the shore it dies a-long;
Now like an-gry surg-es meet-ing, Breaks the min-gled tide of song.
3. Once a-gain sweet voic-es ring-ing, Loud-er still the mu-sic swells;
While on sum-mer breez-es wing-ing, Comes the chime of ves-per bells.

Ju-bi-la-te! Ju-bi-la-te! Ju-bi-la-te! A-men.



The words of this song were written by Charles Wesley, the great hymn writer. This has the distinction of being the only hymn by Wesley which was printed in the hymn book accompanying the Church of England's "Book of Common Prayer." It was written and published in 1739.

67. Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

C. Wesley — *Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy*

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and
2. Gra - cious bond of earth and sky, Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the

mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on-ciled. Joy - ful, all ye na-tions, rise,
sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth. Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!

Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th' an-gel-ic hosts pro-claim, Christ is born in
Hail, the Sun of Right-eous-ness! Light and life to all He brings, Ris'n with heal - ing

Beth - le - hem. Hark! the her-ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new - born King!
in His wings. Hark! the her-ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new - born King!

This is a processional hymn written in 1865 by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, the music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, for an English School Festival. It has become the marching song for the church militant.

68. Onward, Christian Soldiers

Sabine Baring-Gould — *Arthur S. Sullivan*

1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God: Broth-ers, we are tread - ing
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-doms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voic - es

Go - ing on be - fore! Christ the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe:
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, All one bod - y we,
Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church pre-vail;
In the tri-umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or Un - to Christ the King!

CHORUS.

For - ward in - to bat - tle See His ban - ners go.
One in hope, in doc - trine, One in char - i - ty. On-ward, Christian sol - diers,
We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

March - ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

69. Three Blind Mice

(ROUND)

1. Three blind mice, Three blind mice,
2. See how they run! See how they run! They
3. all ran aft - er the farm - er's wife, She cut off their tails with a carv - ing knife, Did
4. ev - er you see such a sight in your life As three blind mice....

The words of this famous hymn were written by an English woman who died in 1848. Probably no hymn is more deeply loved by the people. The words were written in 1840, but it was not until 1860, when Dr. Lowell Mason's setting was composed, that the hymn attained its wide-spread popularity in this country.

Sarah F. Adams **70. Nearer, My God, to Thee** *Lowell Mason*

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou send-est me
4. Or if on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,

D. S.—*Near - er, my God, to Thee,*

Fine. D. S.

That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er to Thee.

When the Parliament of Religions met during the Columbian Exposition, the singing of "Lead, Kindly Light," and the repeating of the Lord's Prayer, were the two exercises in which the representatives of every Creed known to man could join. The author, Cardinal Newman (1801-1890), wrote the words in illness and under great mental strain. Dr. Dykes (1823-1876), was a famous English hymn composer.

John Henry Newman **71. Lead, Kindly Light** *John B. Dykes*

1. Lead, kindly Light, a-mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path: but now Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone, And, with the morn, those

do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will; re-mem-ber not past years!
an - gel fac - es smile Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

Like that other great community hymn, *Nearer, My God, to Thee*, this song appeals because it voices a universal cry of the human heart. The composer, who also wrote the words of the chorus, was an American clergyman.

72. I Need Thee Every Hour

Mrs. A. S. Hawkes — *Robert Lowry, D.D.*

1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten-der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh.
3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a - bide, Or life is vain.
4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; Oh make me Thine in-deed, Thou blessed Son.

CHORUS

I need Thee, oh I need Thee, Ev'ry hour I need Thee; Oh bless me now, my Saviour, I come to Thee!

These words, written about 1850, find an echo in the hearts of all civilized people of the earth. "Thrones and crowns" are no longer significant, and the fervent appeal to save "not kings and lords, but men," might have been uttered by an author of today.

73. When Wilt Thou Save the People?

Ebenezer Elliott — *Josiah Booth*

1. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when? Not kings and lords, but
2. Shall crime bring crime for - ev - er, Strength aid - ing still the strong? Is it Thy will, O
3. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when? The peo - ple, Lord, the

mf

na - tions, Not crowns and thrones, but men! Flow'rs of Thy heart, O God, are they;
Fa - ther, That man shall toil for wrong? "No," say Thy moun-tains; "No," Thy skies;
peo - ple; Not crowns and thrones, but men! God save the peo - ple; Thine they are,

mf

f

Let them not pass like weeds away, Their her-i-tage a sun-less day, God save the peo - ple!
Man's clouded sun shall bright-ly rise, And songs be heard instead of sighs, God save the peo - ple!
Thy children, as Thy angels fair; Save them from bondage and despair, God save the peo - ple!

f

This stirring composition, called "Italian Hymn," was written by Giardini Felice (1716–1796), and with these words has become one of the most widely used hymns. The words, generally attributed to Charles Wesley, appeared in 1756. The hymn has been translated into several languages and is sung by many nations.

74. Come, Thou Almighty King

C. Wesley — *F. De Giardini*

1. Come, Thou al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Fa-ther all-
2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword, Our prayer at-tend! Come, and Thy
3. Come, Ho - ly Com-fort - er, Thy sa-cred wit - ness bear, In this glad hour! Thou, who al-

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri-ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An-cient of days!
peo-ple bless, And give Thy word suc-cess: Spir-it of ho - li-ness, On us de-scend!
might-y art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r!

The "First Nowell" is one of the four oldest English Christmas carols adapted from old mediæval Nowells. The French word Noel is not only used to name Christmas day but also as a greeting, much as we say "Merry Christmas."

75. The First Nowell

Words traditional — *Traditional*

mf

1. The first Now-ell the an-gel did say Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay,
2. They look-ed up and saw a star Shining in the East be - yond them far,
3. This star drew nigh to the North-west, O'er Beth - le - hem it took its rest,
4. Then en - tered in those wise-men three, Full rev - 'rent - ly up - on their knee,

In fields where they lay keeping their sheep, On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
And to the earth it gave great light, And so it continued both day and night.
And there it did both stop and stay Right o - ver the place where Je - sus lay.
And of - fered there in His pres-ence, Their gold and myrrh and frank - in-cense.

f CHORUS.

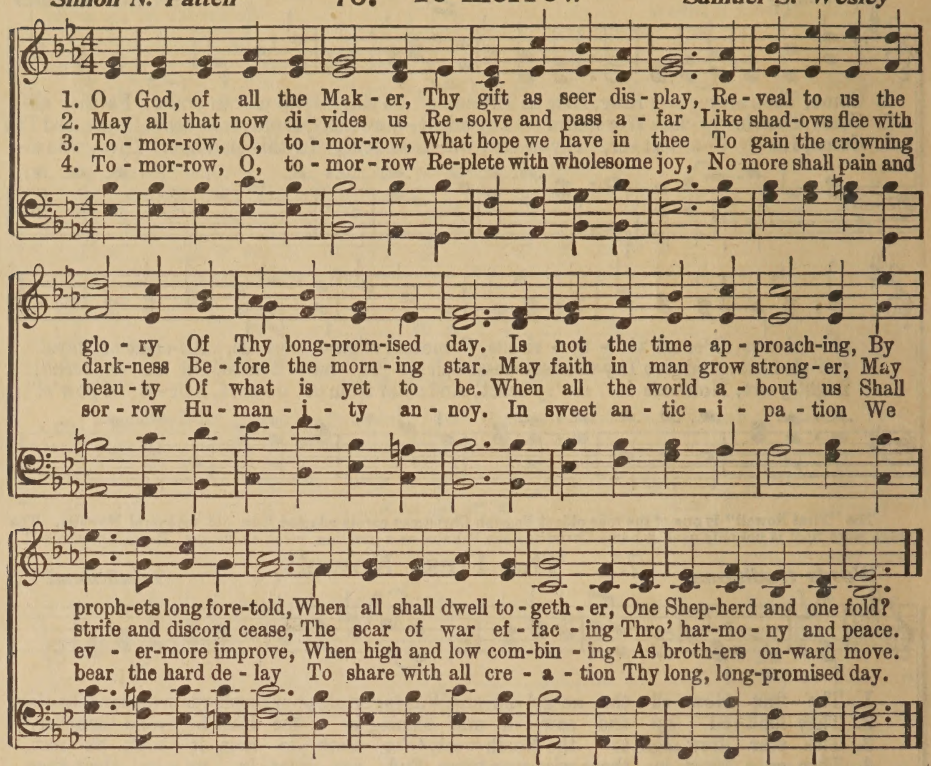
Now-ell, Now-ell, Now-ell, Now - ell, Born is the King of Is - ra - el.

The tune is called Aurelia. Samuel S. Wesley (1810-1876), was a nephew of John and Charles Wesley, the great preachers and hymn writers. The most commonly used words for this hymn begin "The Church's one foundation." Dr. Patten, author of the words printed here, has endeavored to supply a number of the old hymn-tunes with texts which voice the new spirit of Democracy in America.

Simon N. Patten

76. To-morrow

Samuel S. Wesley

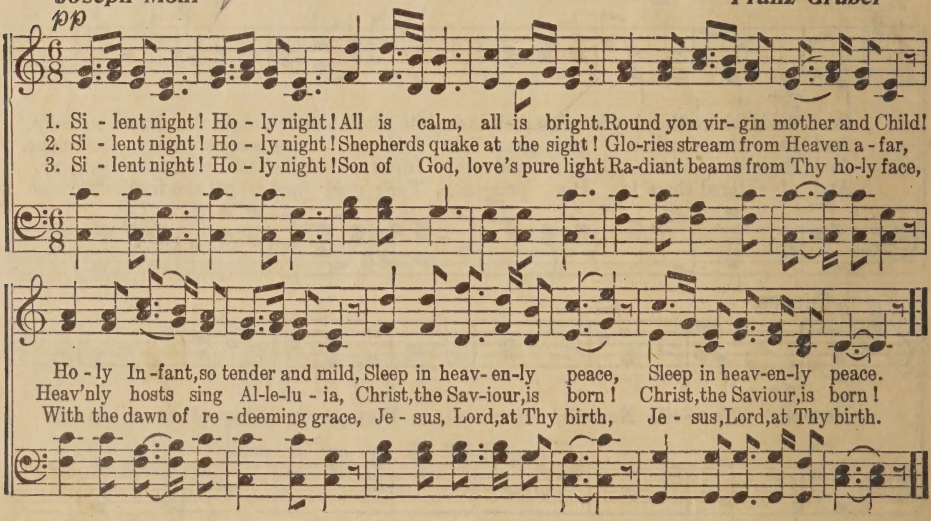


This universally loved Christmas hymn was written in 1818. Its author described the little poem as "simple and childlike, but well-meant." Both author and composer, sons of poor parents, were born at the close of the 18th century.

77. Silent Night

Joseph Möhr

Franz Grüber



This merry traditional Welsh tune sets forth more clearly than many pages of discourse the jollity of the old Yuletide celebrations which prevailed for many years in England and many other sections of the British Isles. The fa-la-la chorus, abandoning words for the jollier neutral syllables, is characteristic of many songs of this nature.

78. Deck the Hall

Old Welsh Air

1. Deck the halls with boughs of hol - ly, Fa la la la la la la la la.
'Tis the sea - son to be jol - ly, Fa la la la la la la la la.
2. See the blaz - ing Yule be - fore us, Fa la la la la la la la la.
Strike the harp and join the cho - rus, Fa la la la la la la la la.
3. Fast a - way the old year pass - es, Fa la la la la la la la la.
Hail the new, ye lads and lass - es, Fa la la la la la la la la.

Don we now our gay ap - par - el, Fa la la la la la la.
Fol - low me in mer - ry meas - ure, Fa la la la la la la.
Sing we joy - ous all to - geth - er, Fa la la la la la la.

Troll the an - cient Yule - tide car - ol, Fa la la la la la la la la.
While I tell of Yule - tide treas - ure, Fa la la la la la la la la.
Heed - less of the wind and weath - er, Fa la la la la la la la la.

79. Welcome, Sweet Springtime

Anton Rubinstein

mf

Wel-come, sweet Spring-time! We greet thee in song, Mur -murs of glad- ness fall on the ear,
Sun-shine now wakes all the flow'r -ets from sleep, Joy - giv - ing in - cense floats on the air;
D.S. *Sing then, ye birds: raise your voic - es on high; Flow'r-ets, a - wake ye! burst in - to bloom!*

Fine.

Voic - es long hush'd now their full notes pro - long, Ech - o - ing far and near.
Snow-drop and prim- rose both tim - id - ly peep, Hail - ing the glad new year.
Spring-time is come! and sweet Sum-mer is nigh, Sing, then, ye birds, O sing!

Balm - y and life-breathing breezes are blow - ing, Swift-ly to na- ture new vig-or be-stow - ing.

rit. *D.S.*

Ah! how my heart beats with rap-ture a - new, As earth's fair-est beau-ties a - gain meet my view.

This stirring chorus is arranged from the composition for men's voices in the opera "Faust" by Charles Gounod, the French composer (1818-1893). Accompanied by a great orchestra in the pit and full military band on the stage, this composition forms one of the great climaxes of the opera.

80. Soldiers' Chorus

(From "Faust")

Tempo marziale — *Charles Gounod (Arr.)*

f

Glo - ry and love to the men of old, Their sons may copy their virtues bold;

Cour - age in heart and a sword in hand, Both read-y to fight and read-y to die for

p

Fa - ther-land! Who needs bid-ding to dare by a trum-pet blown?

cres. *f*

Who lacks pit-y to spare when the field is won? Who would fly from a foe if a-

lone or lost? And boast he was true, as cow-ard might do when per - il is past?

pp *cres.*

Glo - ry and love to the men of old! Their sons may cop-y their virtues bold,

f *cres. molto.* *ff*

Cour - age in heart and a sword in hand, All read-y to fight for Fa - ther-land.

p

Now to home a - gain we come, the long and fi-ery strife of bat-tle o - ver;

Rest is pleasant aft - er toil as hard as ours beneath a stranger sun.....

hard,.....as hard as ours beneath a stranger sun, And

p

Man - ya maiden fair is waiting here to greet her truant soldier lov - er, And man-ya

cres.

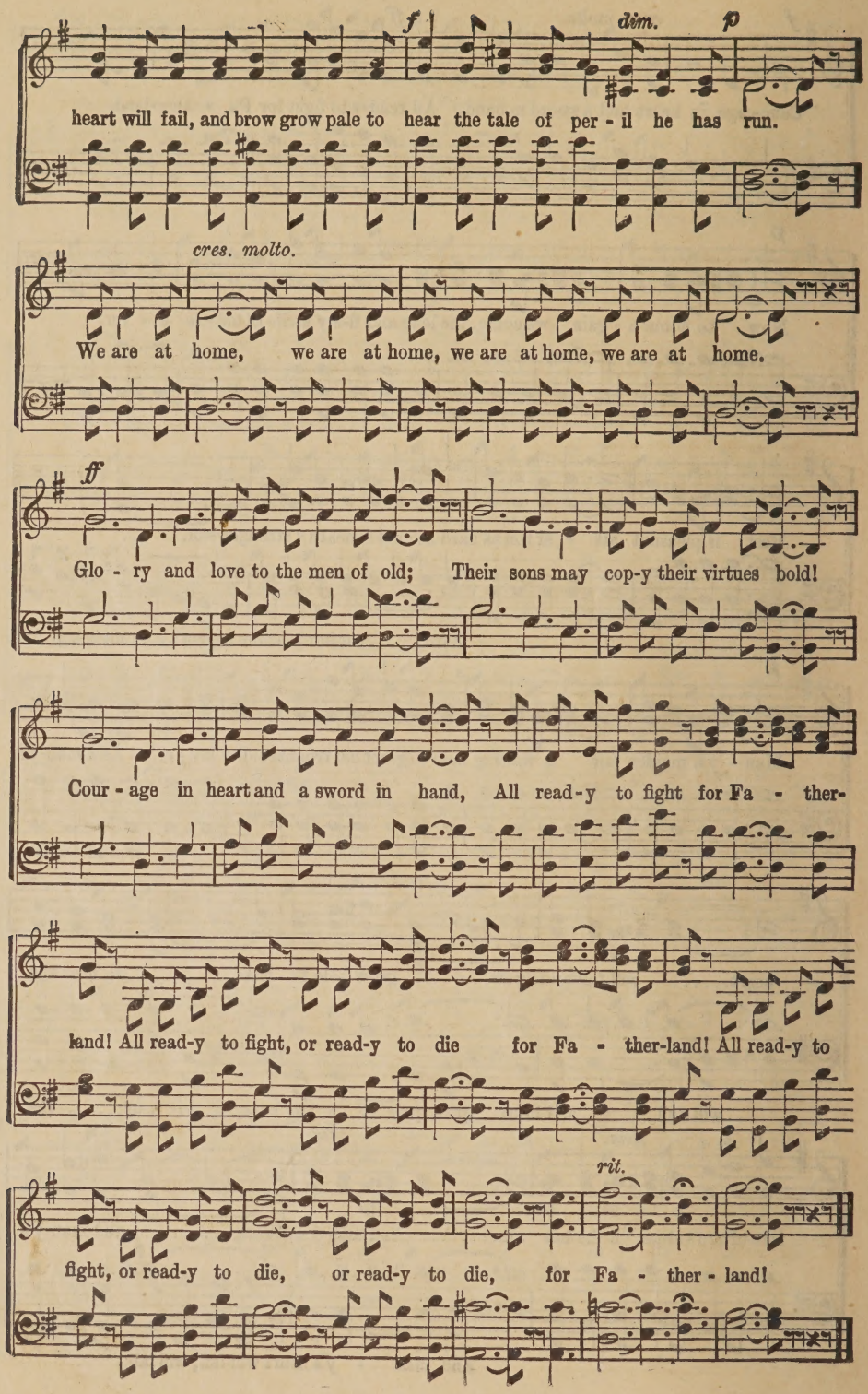
heart..... will fail and brow..... grow pale to hear,..... to hear the

will fail..... and brow grow pale..... to hear, to hear..... the

dim. *p* *cres.*

tale of cru - el per - il he has run..... And man-ya heart,..... and man-ya

And man - ya heart will fail, will fail,


f
dim.
p
heart will fail, and brow grow pale to hear the tale of per - il he has run.
cres. molto.
We are at home, we are at home, we are at home, we are at home.
ff
Glo - ry and love to the men of old; Their sons may cop-y their virtues bold!
Cour - age in heart and a sword in hand, All read-y to fight for Fa - ther-
land! All read-y to fight, or read-y to die for Fa - ther-land! All read-y to
rit.
fight, or read-y to die, or read-y to die, for Fa - ther - land!

"Send Out Thy Light" is one of a number of exceptionally effective anthems composed by Gounod. This celebrated French composer had deep religious convictions, and wrote a large number of sacred compositions which are almost as well known as his famous masterpiece, the opera, "Faust." The anthem is simplified and abbreviated in this edition.

81. Send Out Thy Light

Charles Gounod (*Abr.*)

Adagio molto — *Moderato*

ff — *pp*

Send out Thy light, send out Thy light! Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me,

cres. — *dim.* — *p* — *cres.*

O, let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill; Send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me,

f — *dim.*

O let them lead me,

O, let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill, un - to Thy ho - ly hill, let them

O let them lead me,

cres. O let them lead me; *f* — *dim.* — *p*

lead, let them lead me; O, let them bring me to Thy ho - ly hill. Lord, we will praise Thee,

(*Omit 2nd time*)

O let them lead me;

cres. — *f* — *ff* — *ff*

Lord, we will praise Thee, praise Thee, praise Thee on the harp, O our God! on the

ff — *pp adagio.*

harp, O our God! on the harp, O our God! Send out Thy light, O Lord our God!

ff

The music of the North American Indian may be called "the wild flowers of song." Although it is not always wholly agreeable to unaccustomed ears, it is frequently interwoven with melodies of singular beauty and purity. The following song, recorded by Carlos Troyer and arranged by Harvey W. Loomis from an authentic source, is ritualistic in character like the greater part of Indian music. The Indian words are given phonetically. The piano part is needed for the full effect of this song. (See Complete Edition.)

82. The Sun Worshippers

English words by H. W. Loomis — *Zuñi Indian Melody*

ECHO *pp* — *mp*

Wah! tah-ho! tah-ho! . *Wah! tah-ho! tah-ho!* Wah! oot-tah-ho, nah-wee-
Rise, a-rise, a-rise! . *Rise, a-rise, a-rise!* The dawn is here, day is

tahn ah-lo Wah! oot-tah-ho, tah-hee mahn-ah-lo. Mah-yah nah-wee; zoo-mee
call-ing thee. The dawn is here; ev-er thank-ful be. Might-y Day-god, he is

f

teth-lah-nee! Mah-yah nah-wee, zoo-mee tahn-ah-lee. . . . Wah! tah-ho! . tah-
watch-ing thee. Glo-rious Life-god, he is guard-ing thee. . . Rise, a-rise, a-

pp — *mf*

ho! . *Wah!* . *tah-ho!* . *tah-ho!* May-yah zoo-lah ven-oo yahn-ah-lah, tahn-oh
rise! . *Rise!* . *a-rise, a-rise!* Glow-ing Spir-it, light the way for us; Aid thy

f — *pp*

may-hay, tahn-oh tay-hah, Wahn-ah-loo! *Wahn-ah-loo!* Zahn-oo-vya-vee, zahn-oo-
chil-dren, save thy peo-ple. Greet the dawn! *Greet the dawn!* Hear the ech-o, ev-'ry

f — *pp* — *mp*

tahn-day-may, ten-thlo mah-nee Nah-vee-zoo-mah. Wahn-gah-loo! *Wahn-gah-loo!* Wah!
heart re-sponds to the mu-sic of the sun-light. Hail the morn! *Hail the morn!* The

oot-tah-ho! nah-wee tahn-ah-lo. Wah! oot-tah-ho! tah-hee
dawn is here, day is call-ing thee; The dawn is here, ev-er

p

Wah! oot-tah-ho! . . . nah-wee tahn-ah-lo. . . Wah! oot-tah-ho! . .
The dawn is here, . . day is call-ing thee; . The dawn is here, .

mahn-ah-lo. Mah-yah nah-wee, zoo-mee teth-lah-nee! Mah-yah
thank-ful be. Might-y day god, he is watch-ing thee, Glo-rious

mf

. . tah-hee mahn-ah-lo. . . . Mah-yah-nah-wee, . . zoo-mee teth-lah-nee! .
ev-er thank-ful be. . . . Might-y day god, . . he is watching thee, .

nah - wee zoo - mee tahn - ah - lee. . . . . .
Life - god, he is guard-ing thee. . . . . .

mp *dim.*

. . Mah - yah nah - wee . . . zoo-mee tahn - ah - lee. . . . . .
. . Glo - rious Life - god, . . . he is guard-ing thee. . . . . .

f

Wah! tah - ho! . tah - ho! . . . . . .
Rise, a - rise, . a - rise! . . . . . .

pp

(ECHO) Wah! tah - ho . . tah - ho! . . .
Rise! a - rise, . a - rise! . . .

This is the most famous of the songs composed by the late Sir Arthur Sullivan, and in the light of its present popularity it is interesting to recall that Sullivan first offered the song to the great publishing house of Chappel in London, and when they refused it, the composer took it to Boosey & Company who have sold probably a million copies. The version printed here is arranged from the original solo.

83. The Lost Chord

Adelaide A. Procter ***Sir Arthur Sullivan (Arranged)***

Andante moderato.

Seat - ed one day at the or - gan, I was wea-ry and ill at ease, And my

cres.

fin-gers wandered i - dly O - ver the nois-y keys; I know not what I was playing, Or

dim. *cres.*

what I was dreaming then, But I struck one chord of mu-sic, Like the sound of a great A-

f *poco rall.* *dim.* SOP. AND ALTO UNISON.

men, Like the sound of a great A - men. It flooded the crimson twilight, Like the

dim.

close of an An - gel's Psalm, And it lay on my fe-vered spir - it, With a touch of in - fi-nite

cres. *dim.*

calm; It qui - et- ed pain and sor-row, Like love o-ver-com-ing strife; It seemed the harmonious

tranquillo sempre. BASS AND TENOR UNISON.

ech - o From our dis-cor-dant life; It linked all per-plex-ed meanings In-to one per-fect peace,

f agitato.

And trembled a-way in-to si-lence, As if it were loath to cease. I have sought, but I seek it

poco a poco piu animato.

vainly, That one lost chord divine, Which came from the soul of the or -gan, And en-tered in-to mine.

UNISON. *f grandioso.*

It may be that Death's bright Angel Will speak in that chord again, It may be that on - ly in

Heav'n I shall hear that grand A- men; It may be that Death's bright Angel Will speak in that chord a-

ff rit.

gain, It may be that on - ly in Heav'n I shall hear that grand A - men.

84. The Heavens Resound

Andreas Hofer — *Arr. from Beethoven*

f *sf* *p*

1. The heav'ns resound with His prais-es e - ter - nal, In might and glo - ry they com - bine To
2. The Lord is God! He is king of cre - a - tion; In His right hand He holds them all; His

sf

cres. **p*

tell His name thro' earth and the o - ceans That man may hear the word di- vine. He holds the
chil-dren, we, in love and de - vo - tion, Be - fore His might and pow - er fall. O Fa-ther,

cres. *f*

suns in the blue vaulted heavens, He plants His foot up-on the world; The myr-iad stars bow in
hear! we, Thy sons, bring our blessings, Our pray'rful thanks to Thee we raise; The heav'ns resound; break, O

ff

will-ing sub-jec-tion; The u - ni - verse His hand un-furl'd, The u - ni- verse His hand un-furl'd.
earth, in - to glo - ry, To serve! a - dore! and sing His praise! To serve! a - dore! and sing His praise!

* The accompaniment here has 1, 4 and 3 beats interlude, omitted here for lack of space.

85. Ho! Every Sleeper Waken

(ROUND)

Anon.

1 2

Ho! ev - 'ry sleep - er wak - en! The sun is in the sky. Come, rise, come,

3

rise, And hear the cuck - oo cry. Cuck - oo! Cuck-oo! Wake up! Be spry!

This song, with its allusion to the beloved Maid of Orleans, was a source of inspiration on the battle fields of France. The middle section is the refrain of an old French "bergeret" or shepherd song.

86. Marche Lorraine

Tr. by Cordelia Brooks Fenno — *Louis Ganne (Arranged)*

f Martial.

1. Oh, hap - py sons of bright Lorraine, Sing the strain Once again, The tale of the won-der-ful
2. 'Twas thus our soldiers fought the fight, Bro't the light, After night, And thus was re-kin-dled the
3. Lor-raine, no foe shall thee de-spoil, Sa-cred soil, Hallowed soil! In man-y a bat - tle the

maid-en brave Who lived in fair Mo - selle; Now sing un - til the ech-oes thrill Vale and hill,
spark of hope In our sweet land of France. And thus our men, with heart and hand, Made their stand,
foe has learned That we still fight for thee! Like Joan we'll fight for fair Lorraine, Once a-gain

mf

Ring-ing still, In tell-ing the sto-ry our fa-thers told That shall never grow old. Joan of
Gal-lant band! All singing the praise of the shepherd maid In bright armor arrayed. Joan of
Sing the strain, Still led by the sword of the shepherd maid In bright armor arrayed. Joan of

Lightly.

1 2

{ sweet Lorraine, her lit - tle feet in wood-en shoes, Gen - tle
{ shep-herd-ess a-mong her flock of lambs and ewes, (*Omit*.....).... Cast a-side her frock of

f

wool and clad her - self in ar - mor bright, Oh, - o - oh! Clad in ar - mor bright,

mf *ff*

And thus ar-rayed, All un - dis-mayed, Went forth to fight for her king!

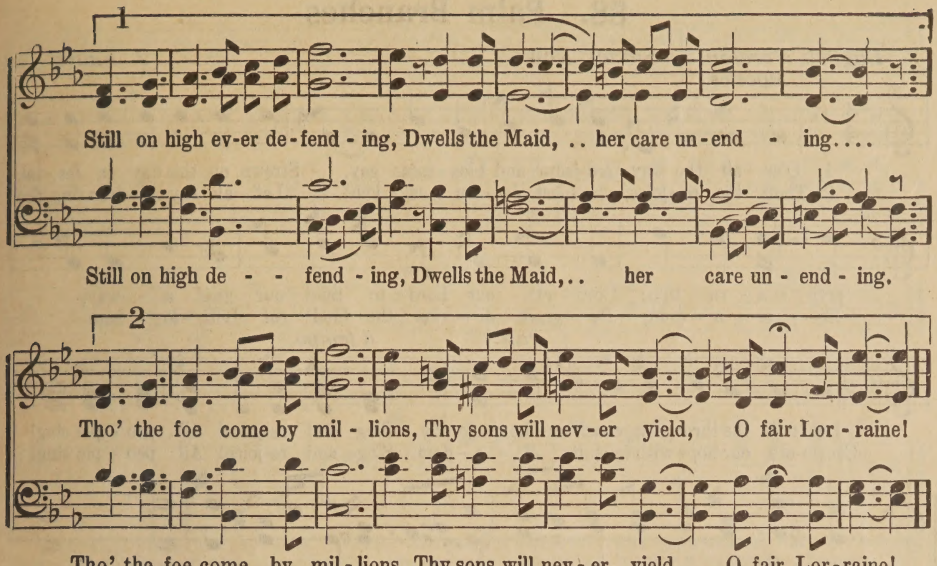
ff

ff CHORUS.

{ Proud are we, sons of Lor - raine,..... From the hill or the plain;....
{ Men of France, ev - er read - y, Strong of arm, brave and stead - y,

ff

{ Proud the sons of fair Lor - raine, From the hill or from the plain;
{ Men of France are ev - er read-y, Strong of arm, and ev - er stead-y,

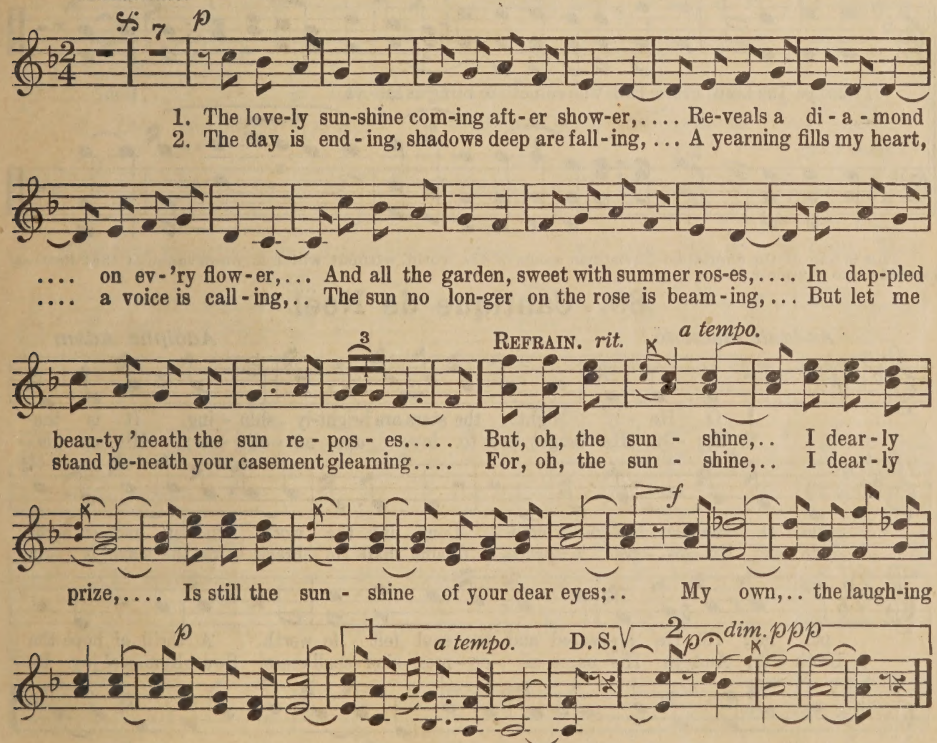


The popular songs of Italy are usually sung in unison; only occasionally, as in the example here given, is a second, underpart, added.

87. My Sunshine

Henry Snow (O Sole Mio) *Eduardo di Capua*

Andantino.



88. Palm Branches

English Version by Sidney Rowe — *J. Faure*

Maestoso

1. O'er all the way are palms and blos - soms gay, Strewn on this day in fes - tal
2. Thou, too, re - joice, oh, blest Je - ru - sa - lem! Let all thy chil-dren sing the

prep - a - ra - tion; Com - eth our Lord to take our grief a - way,
lib - er - a - tion; By grace di - vine the God of Beth - le - hem

rall. *a tempo*

Lo! now the throngs approach and hom-age pay. Sing and re-joice! All peo - ple sing!
Crown-eth our hope with faith, its di - a - dem. Sing and re-joice! All peo - ple sing!

Let ev - 'ry voice be raised in ac - cla - ma - tion; Ho - san - na!

O, sing and re-joice!

largamente *largo*

Praise ye the Lord! Praise Him who cometh to bring us sal - va - - - tion!

This is one of the cherished Christmas songs of the world, without which no observance of that Festival would seem complete.

89. Cantique de Noël

Andante maestoso — *Adolphe Adam*

1. O Ho - ly Night! the stars are bright-ly shin - ing, It is the
2. Tru - ly He taught us to love one an - oth - er; His law is

night of the dear Sav-iour's birth. Long lay the world in sin and er - ror
love and His gos - pel is peace. Chains shall He break, for the slave is our

pin - ing, Till He ap-peared and the soul felt its worth. A thrill of hope the
broth - er, And in His name all op - pres - sion shall cease. Sweet hymns of joy in

wea - ry world re - joic - es, For yon - der breaks a new and glo - rious morn.
grate - ful cho - rus raise we, Let all with - in us . praise His ho - ly name.

Fall on your knees!.. Oh, hear the an-gel voic-es! O night di-vine, O
Christ is the Lord!.. Then ev - er, ev-er praise we, His pow'r and glo - ry

night when Christ was born, O night, O ho - ly night, O night di-vine!
ev - er-more pro-claim! His pow'r and glo - ry ev-er-more pro-claim!

This classic air, from the opera "Xerxes," has become immortal. The opera was written and first performed in England, of which country the composer had long before become a naturalized citizen. For cumulative strength and intensity this air has few rivals in musical literature.

90. Largo

Thomas Williams — *Handel (Arranged)*

mp — 14

Fa - ther in heav'n, Thy chil-dren hear. As they a - dor-ing bow,

mf — *p*

O Thou Al-might-y One, our weak-ness heed; Strength-en our faith;

f — *rit.* — *pp a tempo.*

With hope in-spire our hearts; Quicken our souls.... with love like un - to Thine. Then

f

..... shall Thy works a-bound, Men... shall pro-claim that God, our Lord... is

p

God a-lone, And ho - ly, ho-ly His name,.. And ho - - ly His name.

ff — *rall.*

God, our Lord is God a-lone, And ho - ly, ho-ly His name.

The "Pilgrims' Chorus" is sung in the last act of Richard Wagner's "Tannhauser." The travelers, having completed their pilgrimage to Rome, are returning to their homes and their song expresses their joy in viewing once again the meadows and hills of their homeland. The nobility of the music with its beautiful melody and rich and effective harmony has made it probably the best loved of Wagner's choruses. The version here printed is arranged from the original chorus for men only.

91. Pilgrims' Chorus

Andante maestoso (Tannhauser) *Richard Wagner*

Once more, dear home, I with rap-ture be-hold thee, And greet the fields that so sweet-ly en-

fold thee; Thou, pil - grim staff, may rest thee now, Since I to Heav'n have ful-

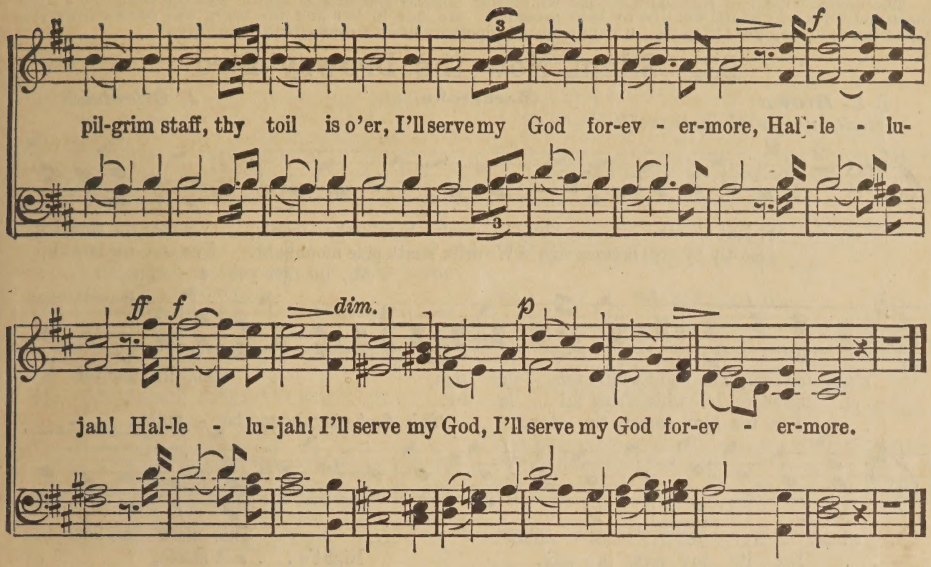
filled my vow. By pen - ance sore I have a - toned, And God's pure

law my heart hath owned; My pains hath He with bless - ing crown'd, To

God my song shall aye re - sound, To God my song shall aye re - sound,

ff *ff*

Once more, dear home, I with rapture behold thee, And greet the fields that so sweetly enfold thee; Thou

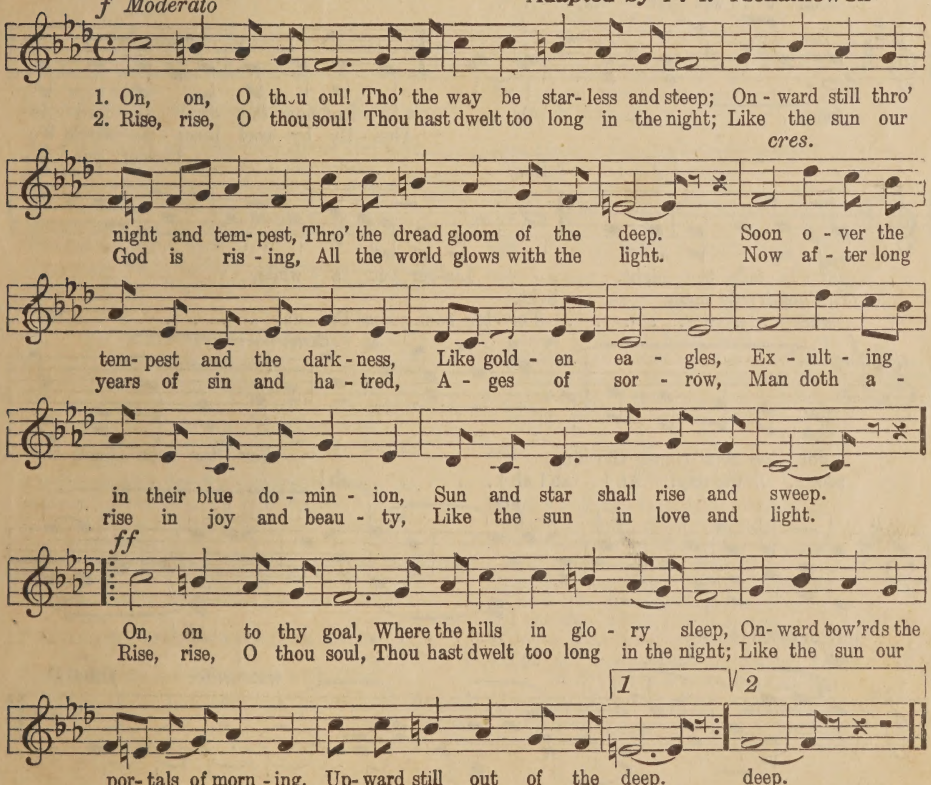


The theme of this music is a Serbian Folk-Song, employed by Tschaikowski in his Slav March. The text expresses the hope and longing of all oppressed peoples.

92. On, O Thou Soul

Frederic Manley

Serbian Folk-Song
Adapted by P. I. Tschaikowski

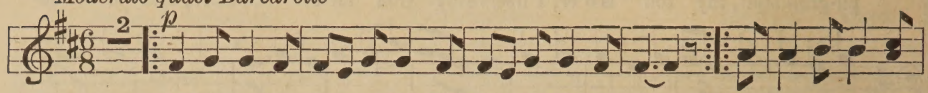


The opera "Tales of Hoffmann," from which this popular selection is taken, was the composer's most cherished work, but he did not live to see it produced. He died in 1880 and the opera was successfully produced the following year in Paris. It is now in the repertory of all Grand Opera companies.

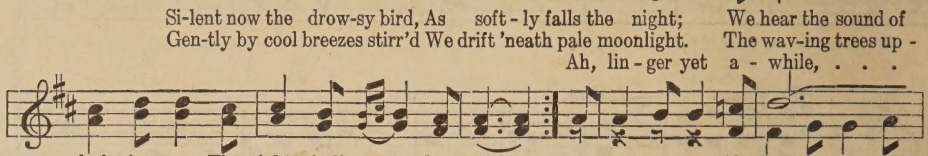
93. Silent Now the Drowsy Bird

I. L. Brown (Barcarolle) *J. Offenbach*

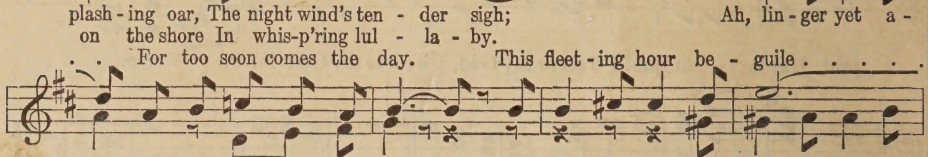
Moderato quasi Barcarolle



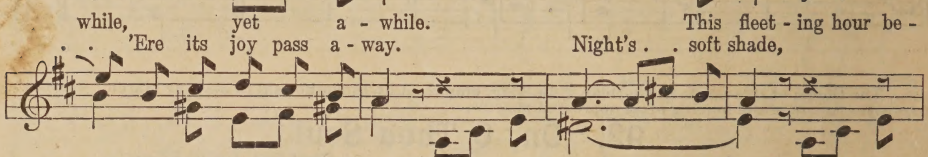
Si-lent now the drow-sy bird, As soft-ly falls the night; We hear the sound of
Gen-tly by cool breezes stirr'd We drift 'neath pale moonlight. The wav-ing trees up -
Ah, lin-ger yet a-while, . . .



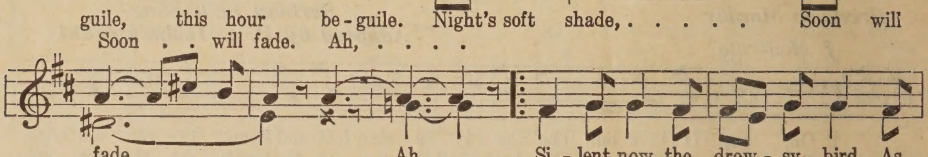
plash-ing oar, The night wind's ten-der sigh; Ah, lin-ger yet a-
on the shore In whis-p'ring lul-la-by.
. . For too soon comes the day. This fleet-ing hour be-guile . . . . .



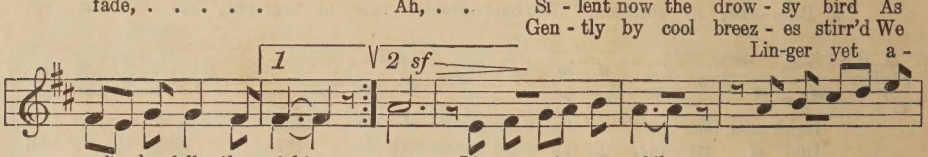
while, yet a-while. This fleet-ing hour be-
. . 'Ere its joy pass a-way. Night's . . soft shade,



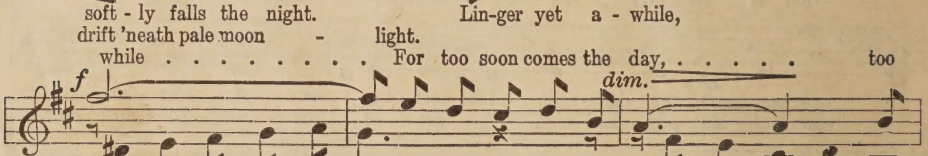
guile, this hour be-guile. Night's soft shade, ... Soon will
Soon . . will fade. Ah, ...



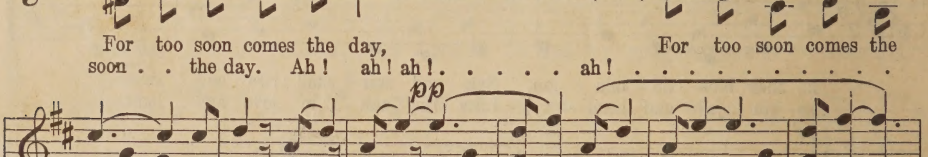
fade, ... Ah, . . Si-lent now the drow-sy bird As
Gen-tly by cool breez-es stirr'd We
Lin-ger yet a-



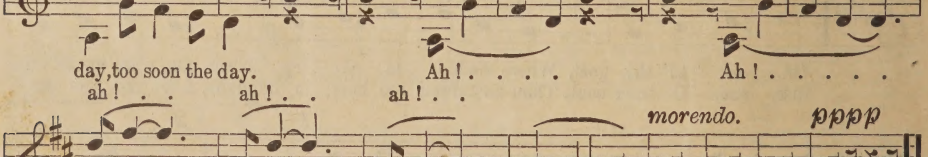
soft-ly falls the night. Lin-ger yet a-while,
drift 'neath pale moon - light.
while . . . . . For too soon comes the day, ... too



For too soon comes the day, For too soon comes the
soon . . the day. Ah! ah! ah! . . . . . ah! . . . . . .



day, too soon the day. Ah! . . . . Ah! . . . . .
ah! . . ah! . . ah! . .



Ah! . . ah! . . ah! ah! ah! . . . . . .

94. BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC (B-b)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the
coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where
the grapes of wrath are stored.
He has loosed the fateful lightning of
His terrible, swift sword!
His truth is marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah! etc.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that
shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before
His judgment seat.
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him!
Be jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on! — Chorus.

95. DARLING NELLY GRAY (E-b)

There's a low green valley on the old
Kentucky shore,
There I've whiled many happy hours
away,
A-sitting and a-singing by the little
cottage door,
Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.

Oh, my darling Nelly Gray, they have
taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more;
I'm sitting by the river and I'm weeping
all the day,
For you've gone from the old Kentucky
shore.

96. BEAUTIFUL OHIO (E-b)

Drifting with the current down a moon-lit
stream,
While above the heavens in their glory
gleam,
And the stars on high twinkle in the sky,
Seeming in a paradise of love divine.
Dreaming of a pair of eyes that looked in
mine.
Beautiful Ohio in dreams again I see
Visions of what used to be.

(Copyright, 1918, by Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., Inc.
N. Y. City. Reprinted by their permission.)

97. TAVERN IN THE TOWN (C)

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,
And there my true love sits him down,
sits him down,
And takes his ease 'mid laughter free
And never, never thinks of me, thinks
of me.
Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
Do not let the parting grieve thee,
And remember that the best of friends
must part.
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu,
adieu,
I can no longer stay with you, stay with
you,
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow
tree,
And may the world go well with thee.

98. SWEET GENEVIEVE (F)

O Genevieve, I'd give the world
To live again the lovely past!
The rose of youth was dew-impearl'd,
But now it withers in the blast.
I see thy face in every dream,
My waking thoughts are full of thee;
Thy glance is in the starry beam
That falls along the summer sea.

O Genevieve, sweet Genevieve,
The days may come, the days may go,
But still the hands of mem'ry weave
The blissful dreams of long ago.

99. SMILES (A-b)

There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue;
There are smiles that steal away the teardrop
As the sunbeams steal away the dew.
There are smiles that have a tender meaning
That the eyes of love alone may see;
But the smiles that fill my life with sunshine
Are the smiles that you give to me.

(Copyright, 1918, by Jerome H. Remick & Co.,
N. Y. City.)

100. YANKEE DOODLE (A)

Fath'r and I went down to camp
Along with Captain Good'in,
And there we saw the men and boys
As thick as hasty puddin'.

Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we saw a thousand men;
As rich as Squire David;
And what they wasted ev'ry day,
I wish it could be saved. — Chorus.

And there I saw a swamping gun
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a mighty little cart,
A load for father's cattle. — Chorus

101. LONG, LONG AGO (F)

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long, long ago;
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,
Long, long ago, long ago;
Now you are come, all my grief is removed,
Let me forget that so long you have roved,
Let me believe that you love as you loved,
Long, long ago, long ago.

102. THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL (A-b)

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams.
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true,
Till the day when I'll be going
Down that long, long trail with you.

(Used by permission. Copyright, 1914, by
M. Witmark & Sons, N. Y. City.)

Complete copies of all copyrighted songs on this page can be obtained from the publishers named.

103. AUNT DINAH'S QUILTING PARTY (C)

In the sky the bright stars glittered,
On the bank the pale moon shone;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

Chorus

I was seeing Nellie home—
I was seeing Nellie home.
And 'twas from, etc.

104. MY BONNIE (B-b)

My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
My Bonnie lies over the sea;
My Bonnie lies over the ocean,
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

Chorus

Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me;
Bring back, bring back,
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

Oh, blow ye winds over the ocean, etc.
And bring back my Bonnie to me.

The winds have blown over the ocean, etc.
And brought back my Bonnie to me.

105. PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES (A-b)

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile.
While you've a lucifer to light your fag, smile, boys, that's the style.
What's the use of worrying? It never was worth while;
So pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, and smile, smile, smile.

(Copyright, 1915, in all countries by Francis, Day & Hunter, Ltd., and reprinted by special permission of Chappell & Co., Ltd., N. Y.)

106. HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE (A-b)

How can I leave thee,
How can I from thee part!
Thou only hast my heart,
Dear one, believe.
Thou hast this soul of mine,
So closely bound to thine,
No other can I love
Save thee alone.

Blue is the flow'ret
Called the forget-me-not;
Wear it upon thy heart,
And think of me.
Flow'ret and hope may die,
Yet love with us shall stay,
Faith cannot pass away,
Dear one, believe.

107. THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET (G)

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view,
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And every lov'd spot which my infancy knew.

The wide spreading stream, the mill that stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.

Chorus

The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket
The moss-cover'd bucket that hung in the well.

108. JINGLE BELLS (G)

Dashing thro' the snow
In a one-horse open sleigh;
O'er the fields we go
Laughing all the way.
Bells on bob-tail ring,
Making spirits bright,
What fun it is to ride and sing
A sleighing song tonight!

Chorus

Jingle bells! Jingle bells!
Jingle all the way!
Oh! what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh!
Jingle bells! Jingle bells!
Jingle all the way!
Oh! what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh!

109. HOWDY! (B-b)

So when we meet together,
Together, together,
No matter what the weather
Or what the time of day,
Let's grab a hand and shake it,
And shake it, and shake it,
And as for greeting, make it
That good, old-fashioned way.
Howdy-do, Hen? Howdy-do, Jen?
Howdy-do, Brother Hugh? Howdy-do, Sister Prue?
Howdy-do, Bill? Howdy-do, Lil? Howdy-do, Lew and Sue,
Howdy-do?

(International copyright secured. Used by special permission.)
(Copyright, 1918, by Sam Fox Pub. Co., Cleveland, Ohio.)

110. IN THE GLOAMING (F)

In the gloaming, O my darling!
When the lights are dim and low,
And the quiet shadows falling,
Softly come and softly go.
When the winds are sobbing faintly,
With a gentle, unknown woe,
Will you think of me and love me
As you did once long ago?

111. CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY (A-b)

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and 'tatoes grow;
There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,
There's where the old darkey's heart has long'd to go.
There's where I labored so hard for old Massa
Day after day in the fields of yellow corn.
No place on earth do I love more sincerely
Than old Virginny, the State where I was born.
Chorus (Repeat first four lines)

(Reprinted by permission of Oliver Ditson Co.)

112. SAILING (B-b)

Y'heave ho! my lads, the wind blows free,
A pleasant gale is on our lee;
And soon across the ocean clear
Our gallant bark shall bravely steer.
But ere we part from Freedom's shores tonight,
A song we'll sing for home and beauty bright.
Then here's to the sailor, and here's to the soldier, too,
Hearts will beat for him upon the waters blue.

Chorus

Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main,
For many a stormy wind shall blow ere Jack comes home again!
Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main,
For many a stormy wind shall blow ere Jack comes home again!

113. TILL WE MEET AGAIN (A-b)

Smile the while you kiss me sad adieu,
When the clouds roll by I'll come to you.
Then the skies will seem more blue,
Down in lovers' lane my dearie.
Wedding bells will ring so merrily;
Every tear will be a memory;
So wait and pray each night for me
Till we meet again.

(Copyright, 1918, by Jerome H. Remick & Co., N. Y. City.)

114. HEAR DEM BELLS (G)

Hear dem bells! Don't you hear dem bells?
Dey are ringing out the glory of de Lamb,
Halleluia-lu-ia!
Hear dem bells! Don't you hear dem bells?
Dey are ringing out the glory of de Lamb!

115. INDIANA (G)

Back home again in Indiana,
And it seems that I can see
The gleaming candle light still shining bright
Through the sycamores for me.
The new-mown hay sends all its fragrance
From the fields I used to roam.
When I dream about the moonlight on the Wabash,
Then I long for my Indiana home.

(By permission of the owners of the copyright, Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., Inc., N. Y. City. Copyright, 1917.)

116. MISSOURI WALTZ (F)

Hush-a-bye, ma baby, slumber-time is comin' soon;
Rest yo' head upon ma breast while mammy hums a tune.
The sandman is callin' where shadows are fallin',
While the soft breezes sigh, as in days long gone by.
'Way down in Missouri, where I heard this melody,
When I was a pickaninny on ma mammy's knee,
The darkies were hummin', their banjoes were strummin', so sweet and low.

(Copyright, 1915, by Forster Music Co., Inc., Chicago, Ill.)

117. SWEET ADELINE (B-b)

Sweet Adeline (sweet Adeline),
My Adeline (my Adeline),
At night, dear heart (at night, dear heart),
For you I pine (for you I pine)!
In all my dreams (in all my dreams),
Your fair face beams (your fair face beams),
You're the flower of my heart,
Sweet Adeline (sweet Adeline)!

(Used by permission. Copyright, 1903, by M. Witmark & Sons, N. Y. City.)

118. KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING (A-b)

Keep the home fires burning
While your hearts are yearning,
Though your lads are far away,
They dream of home.
There's a silver lining
Through the dark cloud shining;
Turn the dark cloud inside out
Till the boys come home.

(Copyright, 1915, by Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd., and reprinted by special permission of Chappell & Co., Ltd., New York, N. Y.)

119. PERFECT DAY (A-b)

When you come to the end of a perfect day,
And you sit alone with your thoughts,
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay
For the joy that the day has brought.
Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray
And the dear friends have to part?

(By permission Carrie Jacobs Bond & Son, Chicago, Ill. Copyright, 1915.)

120. LOCH LOMOND (F)

By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie braes.
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomon'
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomon'.
Oh! ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road.
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomon'.

Complete copies of all copyrighted songs on this page can be obtained from the publishers named.

OUR REASON FOR PUBLISHING SO MUCH GOOD MUSIC is that it has a vital part in the solution of the problem of getting the best out of Life.

All growth is through self-expression, and the exalted moods that make Life significant are uttered in music, especially in vocal music which supplies the word that gives it concrete direction as a character-forming influence.

Music has an important office in the destiny of our country, in expressing unity and in bringing harmony of thought, feeling and purpose,—a real Brotherhood.

Our endeavor is to present music which interprets Life and Humanity, Love and Comradeship, and especially the Joy and Courageous Optimism which make the dominant note of the American people; and if America fulfils her promise it will be because music has not failed to contribute its share in keeping alive the altruistic feeling which gives Vision to Life.

C. C. BIRCHARD & COMPANY : : BOSTON